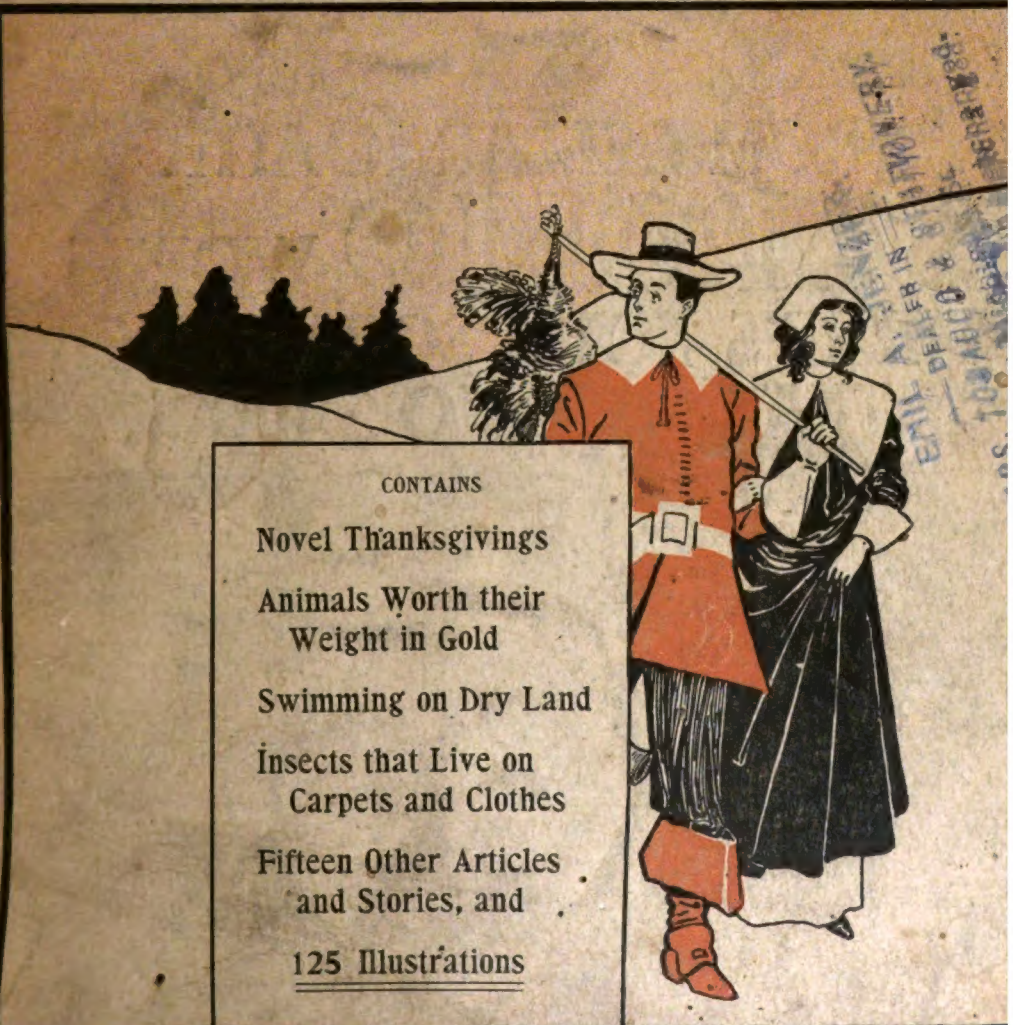
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE



CONTAINS

Novel Thanksgivings

Animals Worth their Weight in Gold

Swimming on Dry Land

Insects that Live on Carpets and Clothes

Fifteen Other Articles and Stories, and

125 Illustrations

THE NORTH AMERICAN CO., 74 East Ninth Street, New York

Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post-Office, August 17th, 1899.

Copyright, 1899, by The North American Co.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

FROM CELLAR TO ATTIC
SAPOLIO WORKS,
THERE'S NOT A SQUARE INCH
THAT SAPOLIO SHIRKS.

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google

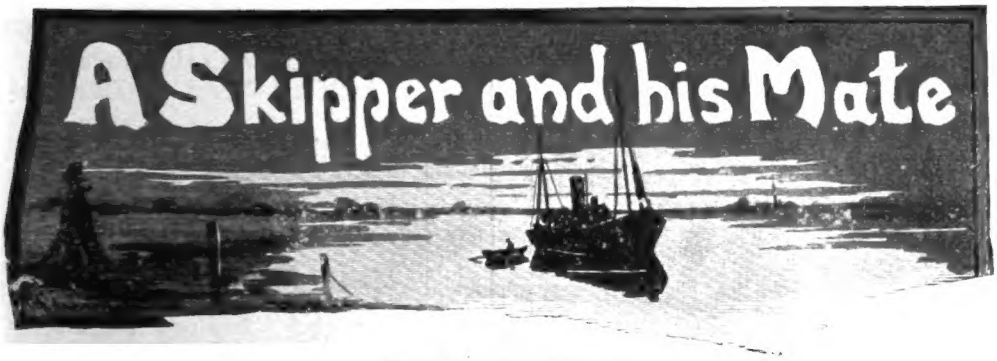
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"OUR BOAT FETCHED AWAY FROM THE DAVITS AS I WAS A-COMIN' 'LONGSIDE."

See page 211.

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



By Edward Noble.

At the foot of the village street a lane wound up the slope, leading to distant cross-roads. High and luxuriant elms shadowed the path even in daylight, but now the last flicker had died in the far no'west, and the few rustic lamps only served to accentuate the solemn darkness.

Midway to the road-end a little wooden gateway broke the symmetry of the dusty hedgerow, and led, by a winding cinder path, to a cottage standing in a partial clearing. The windows were full of light, the door open, and standing in the shadow of the rose-covered porch were two figures—the one, Joe Trigg's wife; the other, her cousin. The man held the woman firmly in his arms, and was struggling to kiss her.

"You mustn't, Harvey! It's not honest!" she panted, half in fear. "If Trigg was to see you, I should die wi' shame."

"A man may kiss his cousin, surelie," he returned, still holding her fast. "'Sides, you used not to be so chary of your kisses, Mary."

"That was before I was married. You know it ain't fair now."

"Not fair—an' I love you! Not fair—an' you were promised to me! Not fair—when you know you love me, too, an' would 'a' married me if it hadn't been for yonder old fool."

The girl ceased struggling, and suddenly broke into tears.

"Oh, why—did you go away? Why—why did you go away? How could I know you wanted me—you never spoke or wrote—and the time was weary waiting."

"Do you love him, Mary?" he questioned abruptly.

"I suppose I don't," she sobbed.

"Do you love me?"

Silence and a clinging nervous touch; then a withdrawal from the circling arms.

"Do you love me?" he questioned again; and now his tones ran with pleading eagerness that struck the girl with misery. "Answer me, Mary. Do you love me?"

"You know I love you," she replied with sudden passion. "Would to God I didn't; then— Oh, Harvey," she resumed after a sudden pause, "what have I said? I can't love you, and you know it. Let me go in!"

"Aye, I'll let you go in now. You've answered. You've told me how it stands between us, an' so help me, I'll marry you yet!"

"That can't be," she shuddered; "I'm married."

"But he's old; he cawn't live forever."

"And I'll be old, too, Harvey, before his time comes. Don't think of it."

"I won't," said the man; "but age don't count fer much—on the river."

"How do you mean?"

"What do I mean?" he laughed. "Nothin' 'cept what I say. The river's been known to take even young men afore their time."

The girl cowered in his arms a mo-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ment, then, looking up into his face, whispered:

"And you, too, are on the river. Oh! be careful, Harvey; be careful for my sake." And, submitting without a struggle to his caresses, she presently broke away and fled within the house.

Joe Trigg's skiff, *Atlanta*, lay silent at her moorings. The sun had set, but the western sky was still alight, and the waters stretching far back into the dim and shadowy west trembled with touches from the lingering afterglow.

"YOU MUSTN'T, HARVEY! IT'S NOT HONEST!"

A placid light was creeping slowly in the wake of a placid September day. Scarcely a breath of wind ruffled the mirror-like stream, and lying within the line of mooring buoys were a score or so of barges, tugs, and coasters, all at anchor near the *Atlanta*. The smoke from their fires ascended far into the blue ether and melted softly in space. The wind-vanes, swinging lazily on truck and staff, pointed their brazen fingers to a dozen fictitious breezes. The winding river, the park, the village nestling in the lap of the Kentish hills, all lay in a wide bath of mist languor, dreamily eyeing the coming night.

And out of this silent anchorage, perched high on the *Atlanta's* bridge, sat Joe Trigg, her skipper and the woman's husband, thinking. The light which fell upon the gleaming binnacle fell also on him. The shadow he threw on the river's face mingled with the shadows of mast, and hull, and funnel, and was motionless.

He was a little placid-faced man, with a gray beard, bald head, and dumpling shape; a man of some fifty years; quite sad-eyed, brooding; not given to heroics, or enthusiasm, or flashes of merriment. And here he sat, dreaming a strange dream, following mentally a sequence of events and drawing conclusions.

Some hours ago he had sculled himself out to his vessel. Then there had been an accident; and now he was sitting down to think it out. His arm was in a sling, and his head bandaged. These were the outward signs of what had happened; but in his tense attitude, his quiet abstraction, his curious fashion of drawing one brawny hand like a shutter across his face, there lurked the signals of mental anguish.

The afterglow died as the sunlight had died. Some one crept through the dusk and hoisted a lantern forward. And when he had gone back to his lair in the forecastle, a long gleam of light lay trembling on the face of the tired river, in place of those wavering shadows.

An hour passed. The night was now fully come, the riverscape black and unresponsive. Except for scores of gleaming eyes piercing the darkness, nothing was visible; and until a boatman broke

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the solitude with the splash of oars, silence reigned undisturbed.

Then the skipper rose from his seat, walked steadily to the gangway, and entering a boat, was rowed quickly towards the village.

Half an hour later he stood on the threshold of his home. His wife hearing him enter, came to the kitchen to greet him; but turned deathly pale at the sight of his bandaged face and arm.

"Joe," she cried, "not hurt again?" then paused, stung by dread.

"Aye, lass," he returned without flinching, "an' hard hit this time; too hard hit, but not gone under."

She bustled over and helped him to a seat on the decrepit sofa, then continued at his side with nervous anxiety for his comfort.

"Don't say that, dear," she whispered, "don't 'ee say that, but tell me what has happened."

"Our boat fetched away from the davits as I was a-comin' 'longside. She were right overhead. Odds were she'd come down right a-top o' me; then there'd bin a to do, eh, lass?"

"Don't 'ee laugh at me, Joe," she begged, still fussing about the hard cushions, and setting them for him to lean against; "I can't bear it. Tell me if you's hurt, an' where."

"Hurt? Aye, a bit hurt," he replied with a sidelong glance at her golden head, bowed near his shoulder; "arm broke an' et cetera—nothin' much to w'imper about—nothin' much worth speakin' of—as you might say."

The girl cowered at his feet, striving to hide her tears, whilst the old man went on slowly:

"I've bin a bit onfortenit—that's wot it is, lass; p'raps I've bin a bit more than that. Some chaps might a-got killed. If I'd not bin spry, I'd a-got killed,—there's no two ways about it, Mary. Seems to me I'm off m' luck—an' yet I'm on it—fer this is the third accident I've bin mixed up in, an' yet I'm here to speak about it.

"Accordin' to wot I've heerd," he went on slowly, and apparently unheeding the crouching figure at his feet, "this one ought to a-done it. It's number three, Mary. Number three's a percurious kind of chap to get pawst; but I'm pawst it, an' nothin' more amiss than broken bones. That's wot you might call luck—but it's a wearisome kind o' luck—a'most as well be dead an' done wi' it as masekered b' bits, uz you might say."

"Don't, Joe! Don't, I can't bear it."

"Nay, lass; thou'rt not to blame."

"No, Joe," she whispered, shuddering; "and yet——"

"The fault's m' own fer growin' so cumbersome," he continued, interrupting her with decision. "If I were a bit more spry—fitter to be mate o' yours, lass, an' hadn't sech a power o' years on m' shoulders—I'd a-run pawst all this. Now it's running pawst me—an' I've got to look facts fair in the face—as a man should, lass—as a man should."

The girl buried her face in the cushions and sobbed unrestrainedly, while the skipper stroked her hair in lingering fashion with his uninjured hand. At length she looked up, and caught his sad eyes watching her intently. She brushed away her tears and struggled to find voice.

"These accidents," she faltered, "began—that—is—your first hurt—came—soon after—Har—after Harvey——"

"After Harvey joined me as mate of the *Atlanta?*" he questioned slowly, supplying the words she found so difficult. She nodded violently, and again hid her face.

"Nay, lass," said the old man, struggling with a bantering style entirely foreign to his mood. "Nay, there's a pretty! Why will you dwell on it? It might 'a' happened wi' any other body as mate. Wot's Harvey got to do wi' it? Nothin'. Less than nothin'—in a manner o' speakin'. The fault lies in my own keepin'. I'm gettin' on in years. I'm gettin' too old t' be mawster of the *Atlanta*. She wants a younger hand to take chawge of her; fer a ship is werry like a woman, Mary; she wants a mawster's

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

hand, an' w'en she ain't got it, she takes the hull river for her course, and there's no holdin' her. An' that brings me to wot I was thinkin' of more perticular w'en I come in. Look up, lass; I want to mind you o' so'thin'."

The girl raised her face and gazed into his. The little American clock ticked vigorously on the mantel-shelf, and the light from the commonplace lamp threw a scanty ray across them. The room was very still.

"You mind, lass," the skipper went on, thoughtfully passing his hand down his face, "that w'en we were wed, you telled me fair and straight as you didn't love me—in a manner o' speakin'—as a wife should; that you'd had thoughts of another chap, a chap uz went away; but that by and by, if so be I give you time, maybe you'd come to love me too. That's nigh on two years ago, Mary," he continued, lingering tenderly about the words; "an' since we were wed, I've said nothin'. I've waited, thinkin' maybe you'd speak. But you haven't spoke, not uz yet you haven't—Wot is it, Mary?"

"GOD HELP ME—AND YOU, TRIGG—I LOVE HIM STILL."

The girl had attempted to reply, but the words were difficult.

"Yes, Joe."

"But you will, Mary."

"Aye, Joe, I'll try."

"Nay—don't struggle wi' it. Free an' nateral—no forcin', on a job like that. Aye or no, lass—do you love me?—or hev the chap's—coming—back—in a manner o' speakin'—made it harder to bear?"

The girl raised her head after a momentary silence.

"You want the truth, Joe?" she whispered.

"Nothin' less'll do, lass."

"Joe—you'll hate me."

A gray pallor grew on the man's face as he listened.

"That's not possible, Mary—come wot will, that's not possible."

"I've been a true wife to you, Joe," she resumed, speaking in quick, nervous gasps; "and—and—I make no doubt I'll come to love you—with time I will—but—but—"

She paused faltering, and the man suggested the words:

"You find it difficult t' forget on a job like that—is that wot you'd say, lass?"

The girl leaned forward and clasped him by the knees.

"God help me—and you, Trigg—I love him still. That's the truth," she sobbed—"that's the truth."

The old skipper breathed hard, but did not cease caressing the golden head bowed on his lap. They remained thus while the hands of the clock were driven noisily to half-past ten. Neither moved. Further speech was unnecessary. The girl's sobs were stayed; then like a tired child overwrought from a day's excitement, she

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

gradually slipped back against the sofa, and fell asleep.

Then the man raised himself slowly and cautiously from his seat, took one lingering glance at the flushed face, and stole from the house.

Roses still bloomed about the sheltered porch; the garden he had attended so assiduously since his marriage was ablaze with old-world flowers; the wistaria clinging about the eaves rustled softly as he passed. He slunk quietly down the cinder path, hugging his misery as a child hugs her toys, and seeking amidst the shadows for sympathy.

THE RIVER GURGLED AT HIS FEET, AND HE LEANED DOWN TO LOOK.

"Better fer her," he whispered, "an' better fer me." And the whispering trees swayed softly—"Better fer me."

He came into the seclusion of the avenue, and the shadows increased. The darkness matched his thoughts. A gloomy decision reigned now, where indecision had dallied so long. He had learned his lesson, and still, like a child, desired above all things to say it. He walked in silence until he came to the sea-wall.

This was the river's boundary. He crept to the edge, and stood looking out into the night, whilst the old panorama rolled on before him. Ships in gray, water in gray, the marshes all in sombre gray, with moving lights like fireflies breaking the grayness. His river. The river of his youth. The river that should carry him—whither?

"Better so," he whispered again, "than to be crushed like a worm under foot."

And the river, swirling swiftly past, carried the whisper far and wide, and leaped and boiled, and turned to look as though it waited only for the end.

Here and away small gleams of red and green stole silently over the flood, journeying, as he was journeying, to a distant haven. Across the water one beacon flashed and died with quick, untiring purpose.

The Ness light—how often he had looked for it! Now it looked for him.

Out there in the middle grayness the *Atlanta* lay tugging at her moorings. A gleam from her riding lamp shone down the throbbing tide. A roar of steam leaped into the night; in half an hour he knew they must be under way. In half an hour he would be under way.

To the left, a short stretch up the bank, a skeleton pier reached out from the meadow-land. Once it had been planked and used by busy feet; now it had sunk into the obscurity of all rash adventures, and languished in poverty as a treacherous platform to a distant kingdom.

The old man walked slowly thither, crept beneath the bar, and stood beside a pile, to watch the swirling eddies.

"W'en things fall crooked," he said, speaking down into the grayness, "a man mus' seek to put 'em straight.

"But if so be he cawn't put 'em straight?"

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

He put this question with the air of a man expecting an answer, but after a while, receiving none, he continued:

"There's no cawn't in the Book—one way or other—he must. That's a moral."

For some moments he leaned over the framework. A surf rolled in and dashed amidst the piles. He watched until the turmoil ceased, then went back to his argument.

"I'm in the way, y' see," he continued, explaining the matter with heavy decision. "I've bin in the way some whiles. Maybe another accident ud be a finisher; but I cawn't speak—fer it's her—cousin.

"W'en a cat's in the way, wot do you do wi' her?"

He stayed to examine the silent flood.

"W'en a dawg's in the way, wot do you do wi' him?"

Still silence.

"W'en a man's in the way, wot's to be done wi' him? I ask it plain."

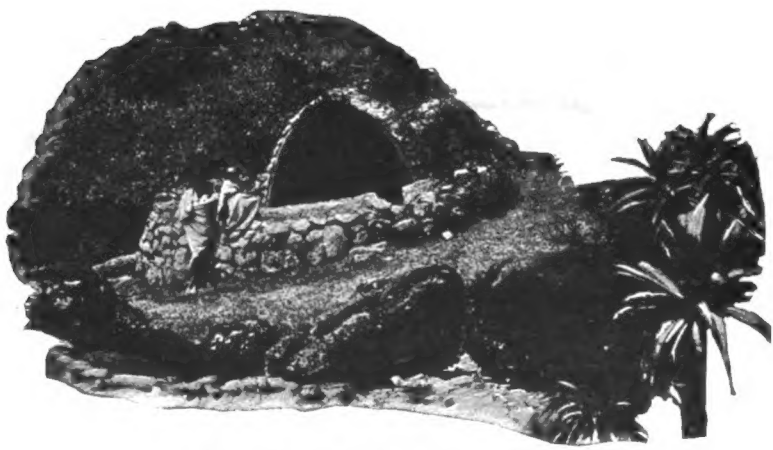
The river gurgled at his feet, and he leaned down to look.

"Aye, mates," he whispered, "I've got m' call; uz well now—in a manner o' speakin'—uz some other w'en.

"It's only a queschum—of time——"

A swift gleam from the distant beacon swept the water, showing where it rippled amidst the grim old piles. When it died, the man crept slowly along the girder, leaned out, stared into the darkness, and——

When next the light looked across the river it found the skeleton pier untenanted, sleeping in the grayness, as silent as the river rolling at its feet.



A NATIVE DWELLING IN THE INDIAN MOUNTAINS.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

SOME EXTRAORDINARY STONE FREAKS

By Henry G. Swift

The eccentricities of Nature sometimes assume very startling guises—that is, startling enough to the human eye. And among the many queer and whimsical curiosities met with few are more striking than the wonderful accidental resemblances occasionally met with in inanimate forms and substances, and in the chips from Nature's workshop.

Readers are of course familiar with the outlines of human faces which can be detected among the mazes of a map, for instance; while, perhaps, more familiar still are the singular likenesses met with in the vegetable kingdom, when a forked radish or a bifurcated carrot will borrow the dignity of the human form divine, or a potato put on a quite human expression. Such instances are, however, comparatively common, as are similar peculiarities in trees with gnarled and knotted trunks. It is also perhaps unnecessary to remind our readers that many hills and headlands looked at from a particular point of vantage bear a strange resemblance to faces and other things. Perhaps in the case of well-known cliffs and rocks remarkable for singularity of outline, it is not wonderful that they should attract attention till they have not only a local habitation, but a name.

Again, every one has seen pictures of scenery, trees, and other subjects in moss agate, and there are several noted specimens which are so curious that they are valued at many times their weight in gold.

But among all the natural curiosities of this description, none are more strange and interesting than the extraordinary freaks sometimes met with in common pebbles picked up from the seashore.

A STONY REPAST

The writer of the present article, influenced by a love of the queer and the wonderful in all things, has gathered together a small collection which he has picked up from time to time in his rambles along various parts of the coast. Most of the specimens which are here reproduced have been found stranded by the receding tide, and it has required not a little careful observation and discrimination to discern their peculiarities, as at first sight, lying on the bed of the sand, they have not always

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

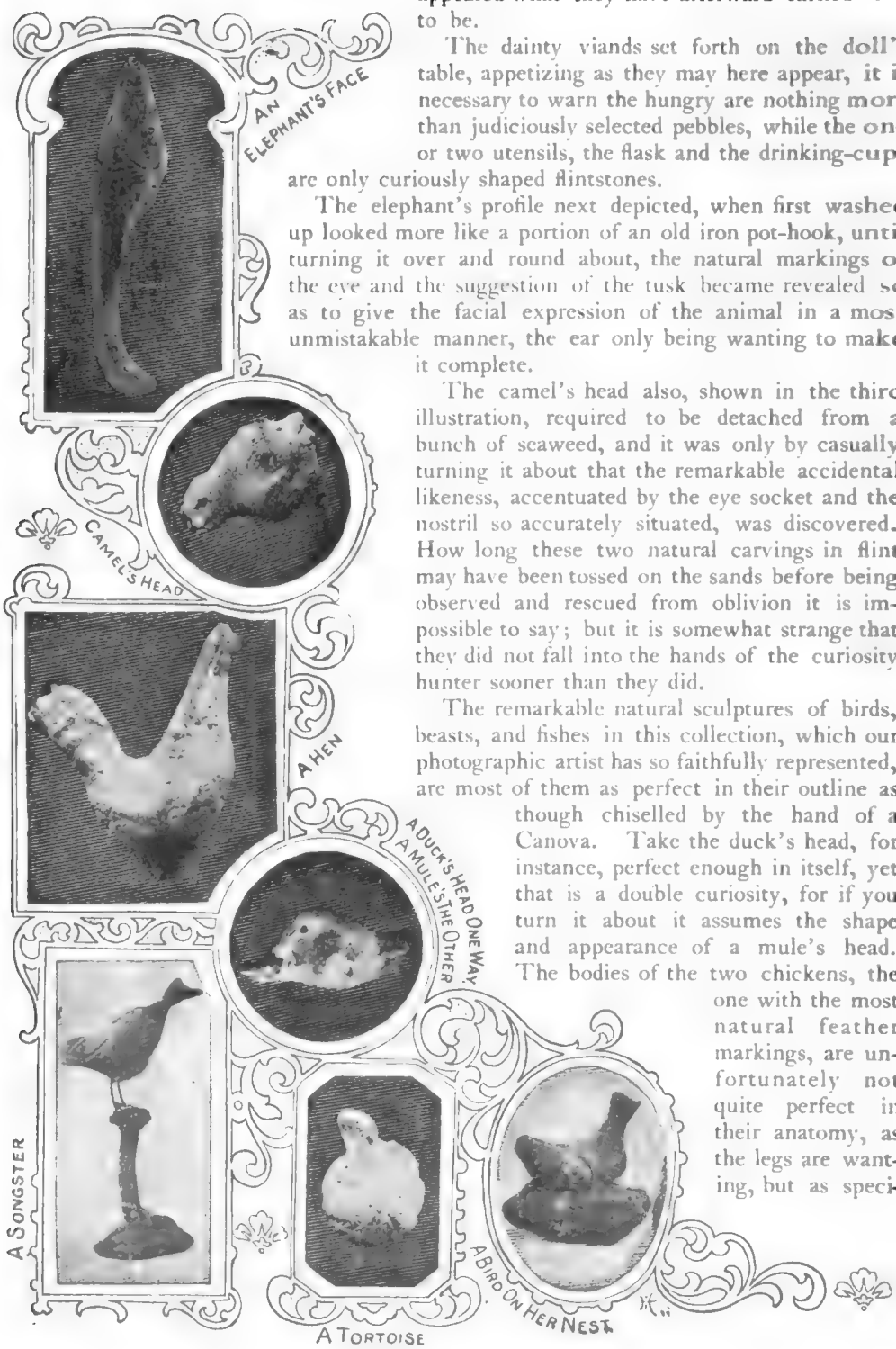
appeared what they have afterward turned out to be.

The dainty viands set forth on the doll's table, appetizing as they may here appear, it is necessary to warn the hungry are nothing more than judiciously selected pebbles, while the one or two utensils, the flask and the drinking-cup, are only curiously shaped flintstones.

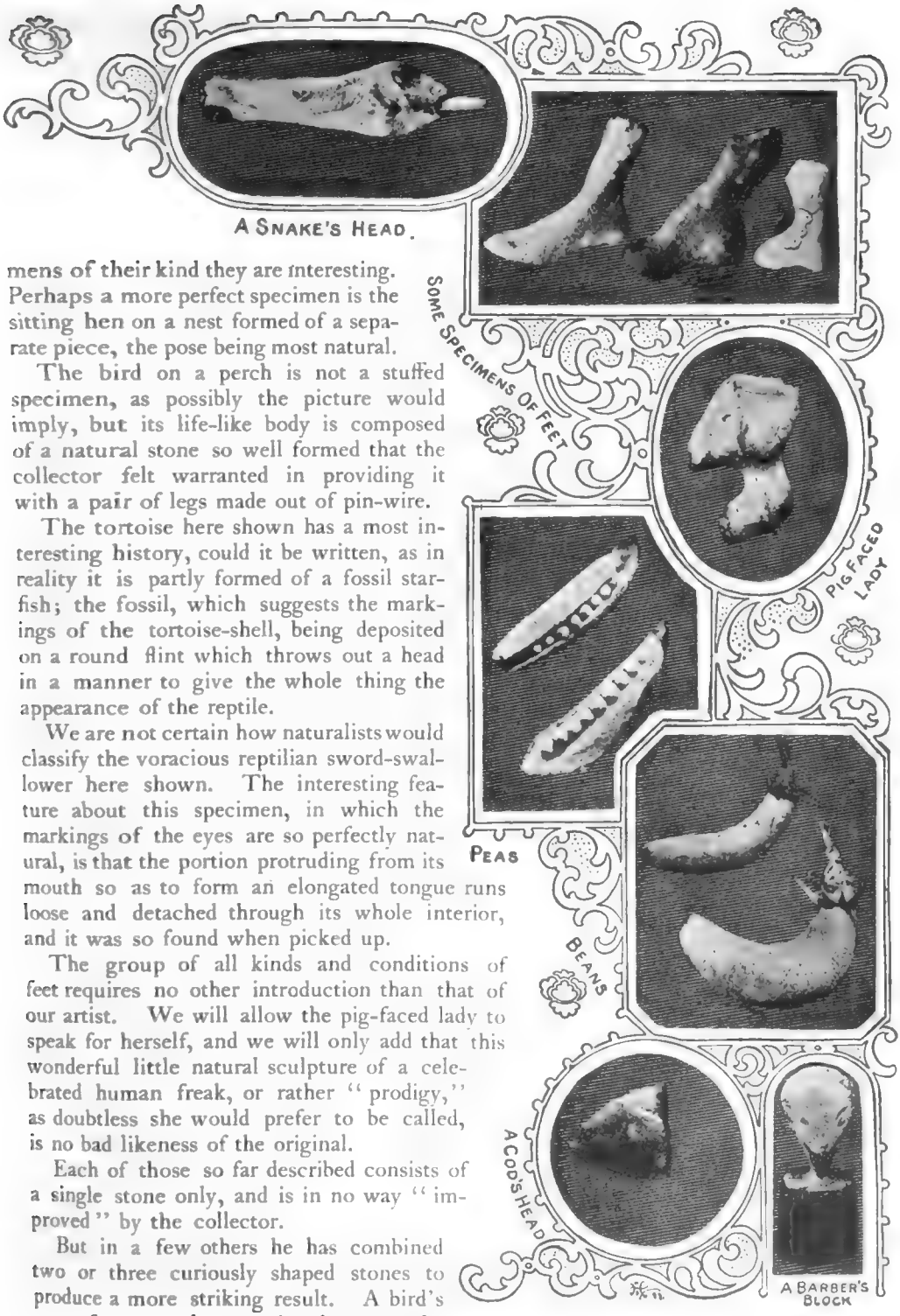
The elephant's profile next depicted, when first washed up looked more like a portion of an old iron pot-hook, until turning it over and round about, the natural markings of the eye and the suggestion of the tusk became revealed so as to give the facial expression of the animal in a most unmistakable manner, the ear only being wanting to make it complete.

The camel's head also, shown in the third illustration, required to be detached from a bunch of seaweed, and it was only by casually turning it about that the remarkable accidental likeness, accentuated by the eye socket and the nostril so accurately situated, was discovered. How long these two natural carvings in flint may have been tossed on the sands before being observed and rescued from oblivion it is impossible to say; but it is somewhat strange that they did not fall into the hands of the curiosity hunter sooner than they did.

The remarkable natural sculptures of birds, beasts, and fishes in this collection, which our photographic artist has so faithfully represented, are most of them as perfect in their outline as though chiselled by the hand of a Canova. Take the duck's head, for instance, perfect enough in itself, yet that is a double curiosity, for if you turn it about it assumes the shape and appearance of a mule's head. The bodies of the two chickens, the one with the most natural feather markings, are unfortunately not quite perfect in their anatomy, as the legs are wanting, but as speci-



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



mens of their kind they are interesting. Perhaps a more perfect specimen is the sitting hen on a nest formed of a separate piece, the pose being most natural.

The bird on a perch is not a stuffed specimen, as possibly the picture would imply, but its life-like body is composed of a natural stone so well formed that the collector felt warranted in providing it with a pair of legs made out of pin-wire.

The tortoise here shown has a most interesting history, could it be written, as in reality it is partly formed of a fossil star-fish; the fossil, which suggests the markings of the tortoise-shell, being deposited on a round flint which throws out a head in a manner to give the whole thing the appearance of the reptile.

We are not certain how naturalists would classify the voracious reptilian sword-swallower here shown. The interesting feature about this specimen, in which the markings of the eyes are so perfectly natural, is that the portion protruding from its mouth so as to form an elongated tongue runs loose and detached through its whole interior, and it was so found when picked up.

The group of all kinds and conditions of feet requires no other introduction than that of our artist. We will allow the pig-faced lady to speak for herself, and we will only add that this wonderful little natural sculpture of a celebrated human freak, or rather "prodigy," as doubtless she would prefer to be called, is no bad likeness of the original.

Each of those so far described consists of a single stone only, and is in no way "improved" by the collector.

But in a few others he has combined two or three curiously shaped stones to produce a more striking result. A bird's nest, for example, reposing between the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

boughs, is a combination of three natural stones, the nest itself being the broken half of a hollow pebble. Still more remarkable are the two specimens of peapods, showing the peas in their natural rows, though the peas themselves are miniature pebbles which no amount of boiling would render digestible, while the pods are formed by hollow flints naturally grooved by the action of the waves.

The little collection altogether numbers some fifty specimens, and goes comfortably inside a cigar-box; and it is claimed by the writer to be unique in its variety and completeness.

The only liberty the collector has taken with Nature is that where in some cases she has forgotten to "dot the i's," he has supplied the missing optic with one touch of the pencil. What this single dot can do to heighten the verisimilitude can be seen from the effects produced, and perhaps the result may supply a sufficient excuse for so assisting her in her freakish mood.

These little stones taken as a collection have a more interesting history than the far-famed Elgin marbles. They are older than the Pyramids. Civilizations have come and gone, and the tides of human affairs have ebbed and flowed, while these fragments of a geologic age—so strangely fashioned by the hand of chance—have lain concealed in the depths of the ocean or embedded in the sands of time.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Story of a Fan

By Katherine Renell

I

"It is my first ball," said Lady Dolly, "and I intend to enjoy myself awfully."

The Countess looked up from her letter-writing and smiled.

"You are sure to do that," she said significantly; "the Colonel is going."

"Jack Meredith," rejoined her daughter also significantly, "is going too, I believe."

This time the Countess did not smile.

"Colonel Hayes is rich," she murmured.

"And old," added Lady Dolly, pouting.

"Exactly forty-nine," corrected the Countess severely; "to eighteen it may possibly be old, but to forty-eight it is comparatively young. Jack Meredith is infantine——"

"Twenty-three," quickly.

"He is poor," said the Countess practically.

"He has beautiful eyes," murmured pretty Lady Dolly sentimentally. The Countess's handsome eyebrows met in a straight black frown.

"Colonel Hayes," she said stiffly, "tells me he is an idle young scamp, and nothing, my dear Dolly, but an empty-headed flirt——"

"And Jack Meredith," promptly, "told me only yesterday that Colonel Hayes was a perfect old beast, and there were things in his past life which, well as he knew me, he should blush to repeat."

The Countess rose abruptly from her chair.

"Where are you going, mamma, dear?" said Lady Dolly, standing on the edge of the fender and looking at her charming face in the glass.

The Countess was already at the door. "To think," with tragic severity, "that your father and I should have been put to the expense and enormous inconvenience of bringing our only child out to Malta just to satisfy one of her selfish whims, and then that she should repay our kindness like this! I am going to tell him about this nonsense between you and young Meredith, this—this flirting. It must be put a stop to, and at once."

Lady Dolly arranged two little curls on her forehead with fastidious care. "You are right, mamma, dear," very sweetly. "We have really been going a little too far. Why, the audacious boy actually sent me a present this morning in honor, as he said, of my first ball! It was a white feather fan, such a beauty, and quite the biggest I have ever seen. Oh, yes, our flirtation must be put a stop to—and very soon."

Lady Dolly felt herself enfolded within a pair of stout motherly arms.

"My sweet daughter," murmured the Countess, "my own dutiful child——"

Two absolutely irresistible dimples appeared on Lady Dolly's pink young cheeks.

"Yes, mamma, Jack and I were talking it over this very afternoon—he was

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

here just before you came in, and was so sorry not to be able to stop and see you. We both came to the conclusion that flirting, after all, was very dull work ; so we intend to put a stop to it in about six weeks—for we are going to be married!"

II

"You have danced with young Meredith," said Colonel Hayes, pettishly, "exactly seven times. I noticed his initials on your programme when you gave it to me to put down my name for my one meagre dance. You are very cruel."

He bent forward slightly in his chair, and waved a big white feather fan slowly backwards and forwards in front of Lady Dolly's face. The girl looked up at him with a swift bewildering smile.

"You are very cruel, too," she murmured. "You have said nothing yet about my dress, and I have been thinking of absolutely nothing else for the past three weeks. Don't you think it is pretty ?"

The Colonel glanced at the billowy masses of white silk and chiffon, and his stern features relaxed into a smile.

"It is a dream," he murmured gallantly.

Lady Dolly smiled again.

"And this fan," pointing to the one which he held in his hand; "is it not a beauty? Mr. Meredith gave it to me."

The Colonel closed it up quickly and gave it back to her with a frown.

"Meredith, always Meredith!" he said impatiently. "This is humiliating, indeed, when I am supplanted by a subaltern in my own regiment. Dolly, Dolly, do you know that when you talk of him you drive me mad with jealousy ? But I will be mad no longer, I——"

Lady Dolly got up suddenly from her seat and stood in front of him. Her blue eyes were flashing dangerously and some of the pretty color had faded from her cheeks.

"You are mad," she said scornfully. "For you forget, I think, what you are doing. You have no right to talk to me like this. Colonel Hayes, what do you mean ?"

The Colonel got up too. His face as well as the girl's had suddenly grown white, and underneath his heavy gray mustache his mouth was hard and stern.

"I mean this," he said slowly, "that I love you, and I want you for my wife. That I am a man of the world, and old enough to be your father, and that you are nothing but a wilful child, I know; but that makes no difference to my love. Dolly, I am forty-nine and you are eighteen, but I offer you myself—to do what you like with——"

Almost imperceptibly the girl shuddered and drew a step farther away, but the Colonel noticed it, and the mouth underneath the gray mustache grew even sterner. He came closer and took hold of her hand. Of a truth, he looked the kind of man that most women would fear.

"Answer me," he said sternly. "I am no boy, remember, to be played with, but a man. Answer me!"

"ANSWER ME," HE SAID STERNLY.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The faint color in Lady Dolly's cheeks grew even fainter. One hand, which she had vainly tried to disengage, was still in the Colonel's grasp—what would she not have given to have been able to get it away!

With the other she was holding tightly on to the soft whiteness of a closed-up feather fan. Somehow in the contact with it she seemed to feel some protection against the man she disliked, for it brought nearer to her the presence of the man she loved.

There was a wild fluttering of her heart. This man was actually hurting her; his grasp upon her fingers was like an iron vise, the expression in his eyes was that of a wild beast eager for his prey. That he loved her she did not doubt; but, oh, such love! Lady Dolly shuddered again; the fierce passion of it frightened her. What, oh, what could she say to him? With a sudden, wild impulse she thought of what the heroines in some of the novels she had read said on such occasions. Surely—surely, they, who seemed to have so much experience in love-making, must know what was right!

She dropped her eyes demurely on to the ground.

"You honor me," she said gravely, with a gravity, however, which sat but strangely on her youthful face, "above all women. I am deeply appreciative, but——"

The Colonel came a step nearer. She could feel his hot breath upon her cheek.

"There must be no 'buts,'" he said harshly. "I——"

With an exclamation that was something like a sob of terror, Lady Dolly at last wrenched her hand away from his and looked wildly round the conservatory in a last hope of escape. A tall young man of extremely youthful appearance, and wearing a collar which looked inches too big for him, was peering nervously around the doorway.

Throwing dignity, shyness, maidenly reserve, and everything else that is considered decorous in the behavior of a young lady in a ballroom, to the winds, Lady Dolly gave a little cry, and running up to him, seized hold of both hands.

A TALL YOUNG MAN OF EXTREMELY YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE WAS PEERING NERVOUSLY AROUND THE DOORWAY.

"Oh, Mr. Hamilton!" she cried, "I am so glad to see you! This is our dance, I know, number eleven—the Washington Post."

Mr. Hamilton, the youngest and most bashful subaltern in the regiment, who at the beginning of the evening had summoned up sufficient courage to enable him to ask Lady Dolly for dance number eleven, and had received a severe refusal, and been snubbed in return, was too overcome with surprise at this sudden good fortune to do anything but stare incredulously down at the little gloved hand resting on his arm, and thank his stars that he was going to dance with the prettiest girl in the room at last.

The Colonel, however, whose one good point was that he always kept his head in an emergency, stalked up at once, his stern face growing even sterner.

"Pardon me," stiffly, "but Lady Dolly, I believe, is engaged to me for this."

"No! no! no!" cried Lady Dolly, who, now that she was sheltered beneath

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the protection of young Hamilton's manly form, felt her former terror for the stern Colonel considerably evaporating. "Mr. Hamilton asked me for this dance first—he really did, and I—I gave it to him—only—your initials are so alike that—that—that is how—is how I began to dance with you instead."

And with the lips of youth and innocence sullied by the utterance of this base untruth, Lady Dolly swept out of the conservatory.

JACK DREW TWO CHAIRS INTO THE SHADOW.

III

Jack Meredith had just ensconced his last partner with her chaperon, and was strolling back into the ballroom to look for his next, who, it is almost needless to say, was Lady Dolly. The first strains of a waltz had begun to fill the rooms with their soft cadence, and one by one the different couples were taking their places. Failing to see the object of his search, the young man was turning to look elsewhere, when a young woman brushed against him in the crowd and paused a moment to offer him an apology. As she did so their eyes met, and Jack, with a muttered exclamation, started back.

"Good God! Millicent! You here?" he cried; and there was an inflection of horror in his voice mingled with the astonishment.

For a moment the look of surprise in the woman's eyes changed to one of fear, and she made a hurried movement, as if to turn and flee. Then suddenly, as if acting on an unconquerable impulse, she turned back and caught hold of both his hands.

"Ah, Jack!" she cried, and there was a sound in her voice that was almost like a sob. "Thank God, I met you! You were always good to me, don't—don't turn from me, like all the others did, but be good to me once again—just for the sake of the dear old days when we were children. Jack, Philip is here, and I have only just discovered it. Help me to escape from him."

Then the horror in Jack's eyes slowly faded away, leaving nothing but a great pity and a greater tenderness. All the manliness and the nobility and the chivalry within him rose up at the sight of this woman's misery, and, bending down from his great height, he put one hand protectingly on her arm.

"I'll stand by you, little woman. By Jove! I'd do anything to save you from that brute. But come in here, Milly; it's quieter—we can't discuss state secrets in this awful crowd, and I want to hear all about this."

He led her swiftly and silently through the now rapidly filling ballroom into the conservatory, where, save for one couple who had just discovered that they were in love with each other, and were too much absorbed in their own affairs to take any notice of other people's, they were quite

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

alone. Jack drew two chairs into a shadow and placed his companion in one.

"There," he said, drawing the other one close and sitting down in it himself, "now we are safe. Tell me all about it, Milly; but, first of all, why were you such a —confounded idiot as to come back here?"

The woman leaned back in her chair and sighed. She was a pretty little thing and still quite young, though the hard lines which grief had drawn around her face made her appear older than she really was. There was an expression in her big brown eyes which somehow reminded one of Jack.

"I will tell you all," she said in a low voice, playing nervously with her fan. "I stayed in Boulogne, as you know, for two years after"—there was a slight catch in her breath, and Jack's eyes, as he listened, grew suddenly sterner—"after the divorce, but I got so sick of the place and the people were so horrid that when I suddenly ran up against my dear old schoolfellow Lady Dagmar, and she asked me to come and live with her in Malta, as she was widowed and all alone, I was only too delighted and came at once. I—I was widowed too, you know"—and again that piteous catch in her breath—"and the arrangement seemed a most suitable one in every way, for we were both lonely women, and Clara, like the angel that she always was, did not mind the dreadful secret which has made such a wreck of my life. That is how you find me here tonight, Jack; we were invited to this ball, and—we came. I knew that most of the officers of the Royal Lancashire were also to be invited; but do you think that if I had known for one moment that Philip was the colonel in command I should have come? He was not in that regiment when—when I last knew him."

"He exchanged," Jack answered, sternly.

"Life got a bit too hot for him, I fancy, in his old regiment when the fellows found out the pretty way in which he had been behaving to his wife. But I was gazetted to this confounded Royal Lancashire, worse luck, and you can judge of my delight when I found that Major Hayes —he was major when I joined, you know—was in the same regiment. But I say, little woman"—the stern inflection in his voice changing to one of genuine anxiety and concern—"the brute will find you out. What on earth will you do?"

"Leave Malta as soon as possible! Never, as long as I live, will I speak to that man again. Oh, Jack——"

She broke off suddenly, an expression of abject terror in her voice, and Jack, following the direction of those frightened brown eyes, looked towards the door. Colonel Hayes, with a lady upon his arm, was entering. Millicent drew back farther into the shadow, shuddering.

"He must not see me," she whispered. "My God, keep him from seeing me!"

Jack got up and stood silent for a moment. His tall figure as it towered above that of the shrinking, frightened woman almost hid her from view.

"No," he said slowly, "he must not see you."

Then his eyes, which had been riveted anxiously to the Colonel's face, fell suddenly upon something light which was lying upon the floor, almost at his feet. He stooped and picked it up, and as he unfolded it his face, which had grown haggard with sudden anxiety, broke out into a smile. It was Lady Dolly's feather fan.

"Our salvation," he murmured fervently, sitting down again in his chair, and bending forward in an exaggerated attitude of affection, while he spread the fan out and held it in front of his partner until it completely hid her face and neck. "The Colonel will think I am only carrying on a tremendous flirtation with some charming girl, and it will be absolutely impossible for him to see who she is."

Jack was right; the Colonel did think so, only Lady Dolly, unfortunately entering the conservatory just then by another door, thought the same thing too.

IV

"There can be no satisfactory explanation," said Lady Dolly, freezingly, pour-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ing herself out another cup of tea; "I saw you distinctly. Both your heads were close together behind my fan—the one you gave me, too. The audacity of you both! And I should think from the way in which you carefully kept them there that you had been kissing her—the abandoned creature!"

It was the next day. They were sitting in the Countess's drawing-room, whither Jack had flown as soon as he could conveniently after the ball, to demand and give an explanation. They were sitting opposite each other, with the Countess's pretty silver-laden tea-table between them—Lady Dolly, petulant and wilful; Jack, on the other hand, moody and occasionally inclined to a touch of cynical bitterness.

"If my explanation," he said, dryly, putting down his cup and beginning, after the manner of a man when he is annoyed, to pace up and down the room, "is unsatisfactory, yours I consider is eminently more so. May I ask why you cut those last three dances—for which you were engaged to me, remember—and had them with that infernal cad, Hayes, instead?"

Lady Dolly got up too, and, holding the skirts of her white muslin dress back with one hand, dropped him a mocking and exasperating little courtesy. "You will kindly be careful, Mr. Meredith, of the manner in which you speak of my future husband."

Jack Meredith paused in his rapid walk round the room and came to an abrupt standstill exactly opposite the spot where Lady Dolly was standing. His blue eyes were flashing with a fierce light, and some of the honest sunburn seemed to have faded from his face.

"Good God!" he cried, "you have never been such a little fool as to go as far as that!"

Then he came a step nearer, and took hold of both her hands.

"And I thought you hated him!" he added.

And so she did. But Jack had yet to learn that a jealous woman will forfeit anything, from her chances of happiness in this world to her immortal soul and her hopes of bliss in the next, on the altar of pique.

For a moment they were silent, standing opposite each other, with their hands clasped, staring dumbly, miserably, into each other's eyes. Then Jack dropped the girl's hands suddenly and walked over to the fireplace, where he leaned his elbow on the mantelpiece and supported his head with his hand.

"And all," he said, bitterly, "because of a miserable misunderstanding about—a fan!"

THE GIRL STOOD MOTIONLESS, WITH HER HANDS CLASPED IN FRONT OF HER.

There was another silence. Lady Dolly stood just where he had left her, with her head bent, and a half-wistful, half-repentant expression on her pretty face, but she did not speak, and when at last words were spoken between them, it was again Jack who uttered them.

"And you will never be

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

able to get out of it now—never! Colonel Hayes is not the man to let a girl slip out of his grasp when once he has got her. And I always told you he was as big a scoundrel—" Lady Dolly raised her head. Her face was flushed and red, and her eyes flashed angrily. "And he always told me," she cried, "what a flirt you were, and you were only playing with me all the time; and so, when I saw you last night with that—that abandoned creature, I believed what he had said, and—and when he asked me to dance with him again I said 'Yes,' and—and——"

"And you said 'Yes,' too, to something else he asked you, didn't you?" interrupted Jack, cynically. "And all before you had even asked me for an explanation, when I should have thought you might have trusted me, Dolly——"

Her ladyship, who had a temper of her own, here interrupted by stamping a small, daintily shod foot on the floor.

"Just as if I wanted to know"—angrily—"who the creature was! As if it wouldn't be adding insult to injury now to tell me her name! Perhaps it was that dressed-up Vivian girl, whom Colonel Hayes told me you flirted with so outrageously before I came out, or that horrid, fast Mrs. Lucas; flirts generally prefer married women, I have noticed."

Jack lifted his head from his hand and looked full into Lady Dolly's face.

"I don't want to take any notice, Dolly, of the things you have just said; you are a spoilt, wilful child, too angry to know what you are really saying, and perhaps, under the circumstances, it is excusable. But what I do want to know is this"—calmly—"and I intend to have an answer. Is this misunderstanding between us going to cause the end of everything? Are all the vows of love and fidelity which have passed between us to count as nothing now?"

"Absolutely," in a firm voice.

Jack put his elbow down on the mantelpiece again, and leaned his head on his hand. His face had grown very white, and there were deep lines of pain around his mouth.

"Then," he said, in a cold, hard voice, "there is nothing more to be said, I think."

He walked across to where Lady Dolly was standing, and held out his hand. The girl took it for a moment in hers.

"Nothing," she said, in the same tone.

Jack walked towards the door. When he got there he looked round once more and paused.

"Except," he said, gravely, "my explanation. Perhaps it would in the end prove more satisfactory to us both if I cleared myself. The devil is always allowed his due, you know"—freezingly. "You were not anxious, and perhaps it was only natural, to know who the lady I was flirting so outrageously with behind your fan really was. It is not a very pleasant story, and I have always been particularly careful to keep it from you hitherto; but since you are soon to be so closely related to Colonel Hayes I think it only just to you that you should hear it. That lady, instead of being Miss Vivian, or even Mrs. Lucas, was a girl whom I used to know many years ago—in fact, I might almost say, all my life——"

He paused for a moment as if in expectation for Lady Dolly to speak, but she did not say anything, and after a minute or two he went on again.

"She is the girl who, unhappily for her, was married to Colonel Hayes, in England, exactly five years ago, when she was only nineteen, and who, less than two years after, was obliged to obtain a divorce."

Again Jack paused, and looked across at Lady Dolly. But the girl still stood motionless, with her hands clasped in front of her and her head bent. There was nothing in her attitude—not even the flicker of an eyelid—to betray to him that she had even heard.

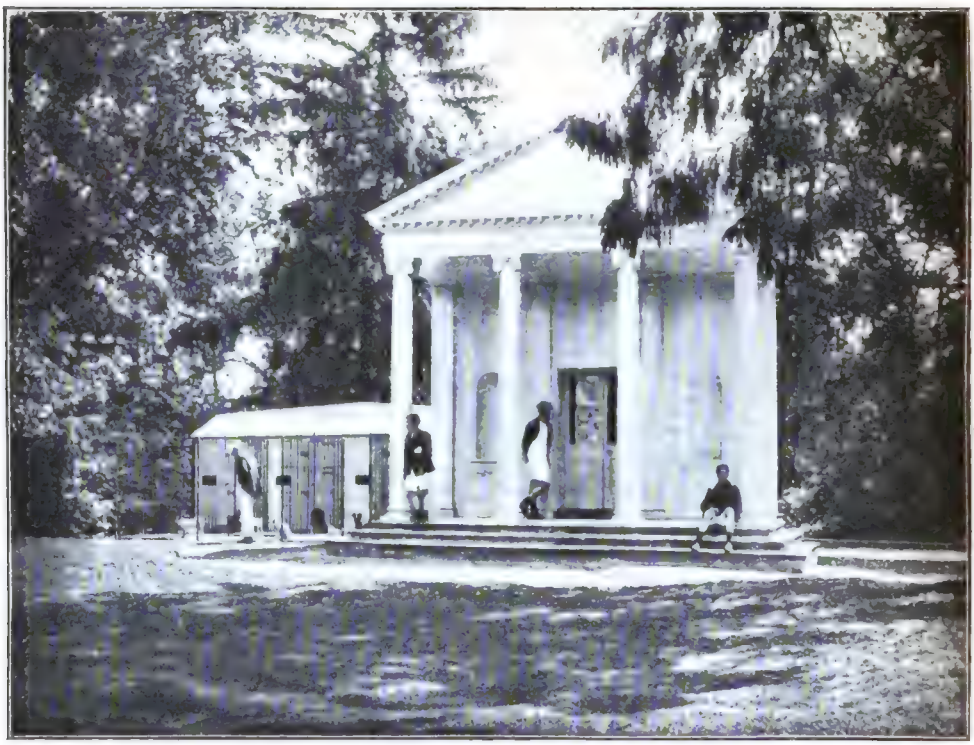
Jack went on again.

"And"—very gravely—"the reason I had for not telling you this before was because Colonel Hayes was closely related to my own family, and she—she is my sister . . ."

Then he opened the door very quickly, and turned to go. But the woman in the girl, and her love, rose beyond all petulance and pride. The Colonel and all fear or thought of him were forgotten.

"Jack, Jack," she whispered, "I'm—I'm sorry," and she held out her hands.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



CLUB-HOUSE AND KENNEL.

A SCHOOL KENNEL CLUB.

By F. S. Livingstone.

It has been customary to discourage, if not to absolutely prohibit, schoolboys from keeping pet animals of any kind within the school boundaries. A special interest, therefore, would seem to attach to the experiment now being made at Clayesmore School at Enfield in England. At this school the boys are allowed to keep pets during term time, and there is a well-organized and flourishing kennel club, presided over by one of the masters. Begun by the school authorities with some hesitation and nervousness as to the outcome, notwithstanding that it is the boast of this scholastic institution that it leads in valuable innovations and forces other schools to follow, the experiment of allowing the boys to keep pet dogs proved to be such an unqualified success that regular kennels were established as part of the school accommodations, and these kennels have recently been declared open by the Countess of Warwick, the occasion being made a gala day by the school, and the radical departure in school regulations having attracted attention throughout the British Isles.

The kennels are regarded by the boys as one of the most acceptable additions to the attractions of school-life yet sanctioned by the liberal-minded head master of Clayesmore, Mr. Alexander Devine. Mr. Devine looks upon it as a decidedly successful innovation. In giving his views on the subject, he said:

"I think that every fresh interest added to school life is a gain for the boys. The kennel club does not isolate the boys in the way that botany, fossil collecting, 'bug-hunting,' or photography are prone to do.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The kennel makes a club with common interests and common dangers which bind its members with even a closer tie than the great school games. It must not, however, interfere in the slightest degree with these games, and could never take their place. A boy cannot keep one animal without knowing a great deal about others. The value of dog-keeping from the point of view of a schoolmaster lies in the fact that it provides an excellent interest for leisure hours, and in addition induces humanity and kindness. The custom has proved an undoubted aid to the good tone and feeling of the school.

"Terriers are the favorite breed with the boys. Each boy is obliged to groom and exercise his pet, and to keep the kennel in good order. The club-room provides a common meeting-place, where the dog owners can gather and talk over the subjects that pertain to their treasured possessions and arrange for meetings in which the dogs are to figure. The club hopes to run a drag hunt with the terriers next year, and all the puppies are being trained with that object. The older dogs, mostly of the sporting variety, do not take to the drag seriously enough. However, with the addition of a couple of beagles, it is intended to run a scratch pack at least once a fortnight."

As the innovation of keeping dogs may find favor in American schools, it is well to give the advice of the president of the school club of Clayesmore, Mr. MacVeau, on this subject. He finds that there is much difficulty in the way of feeding the dogs, and this is a matter that the school authorities at Clayesmore had great trouble with before they instituted the system of giving the school prefects jurisdiction over the dogs to see that inexperienced owners did not choke them to death with unsuitable provender or starve them by lack of attention.

Experience has taught that the best dog for a boy is the fox terrier; they are hardy, fit for anything, and nice-looking. Big dogs should not be kept at school; greyhounds poach, mastiffs fight, and sporting dogs cannot well be kept without being worked.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE BEST SHOT IN THE WORLD.

Col. G. Bordeverry.

WRITTEN IN BULL'S-EYES.

By William Will.

About eighteen years ago Monsieur Gaston Bordeverry made a vow that he would be the best pistol and rifle shot in the world. At that time he was champion of the particular part of France in which he lived; but he was ambitious. He knew that in the land of duels there were hundreds of accomplished shots; but he knew also that he had the eye and the muscle and the time for practice that are absolutely necessary to those who would shoot well. The Scots have a proverb, "He that tholeth (endureth) overcometh;" and the Scots and the French have had many things in common since the day that Mary Queen of Scots married the Dauphin of France. Gaston Bordeverry "tholed," and he overcame.

MADAME BORDEVERRY, AT A DISTANCE OF THIRTY FEET, CAN HIT FIVE BULL'S-EYES WITH FIVE SUCCESSIVE SHOTS.

Monsieur Gaston Bordeverry was born at Pau. "To teach the young idea how to shoot" did not mean the same to Bordeverry as it did to Thompson of "The Seasons." When quite a boy Bordeverry was shooting away his spare cash at fairs and markets, and was in consequence made the target of his parents' scorn. At that time all his prizes were blanks.

When he grew to manhood Bordeverry became an interpreter at Pau, and subsequently at Bordeaux; and it was when at the latter place that he was "discovered." He had been taking all the first prizes at meetings far and near, and was practising assiduously at other times. He was strongly advised to go to Paris, where, his friends said, he was sure to create a sensation. He had influential friends in the capital. Armand Silvestre, the littérateur, and Charles Toché, the painter, told many of their friends that they were bringing to Paris some one who could shoot a little, and an exhibition was arranged for in the magnificent hall of the *Figaro* newspaper. Here many deputies to the French Chamber naturally met, for shooting is an important item in the "home" policy of almost every French parliamentarian; and with them were the principal pistol shots in France, Britain, America, and Germany. The Comte Henri d'Havrincourt, the Comte d'Elva, Ernest Carnot, the late President's son, and many others were there and stood spellbound while Gaston Bordeverry went through his wonderful

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

M. BORDEVERRY HITS NINE BULL'S-EYES WITHIN SEVEN SECONDS.

performance. Next morning the young man from Bordeaux found himself famous. The *Figaro*, the *Journal des Debats*, the *Gaulois*, and the other papers praised him. Paris talked about him in the cafés, and variety hall managers prayed for dates.

That was more than two years ago. Soon after Monsieur Bordeverry went to London.

In his exhibitions Monsieur Bordeverry is assisted by his wife and daughter. Madame Bordeverry is a sure shot at small targets, and with the rifle at a distance of 30 feet bursts five miniature balloons with five successive shots; and another balloon held in her husband's hand is also destroyed.

Monsieur Gaston Bordeverry begins his exhibition by shooting, in something like six or seven seconds, nine small bull's-eyes, the distance being about 30 feet. From the balcony or gallery of a hall, 70 or 80 feet distant, he picks off the "bull" with just as much ease.

From these comparatively simple tests he passes to the shooting of a balloon by *commandement*, in imitation of a duel. And Monsieur Bordeverry is not without his experience of duelling, which, however, has taken a humorous rather than a serious turn. An elderly nobleman of Monsieur Bordeverry's acquaintance, whom we shall call Count A——, was insulted by a young man, Monsieur C——. In a passion the count exclaimed: "Bordeverry, if I could shoot like you, I should kill that man!" In order to satisfy the count and get a little fun at his expense, Bordeverry and Monsieur C—— arranged a mock duel. The count beamed. The day came, and with it the principals, seconds, and doctors. Bordeverry's pistol was loaded, but the ball was in his pocket. He fired first, and, with a groan, Monsieur C—— fell "wounded."

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Bordeverry, "I have killed Monsieur C——! What shall I do? What shall I do?" and he slapped his brow with his hand.

"You'll get the guillotine sure enough!" exclaimed Count A——, now anxious to dissociate himself with the business; "and serve you right."

Monsieur C—— "recovered," and the count treated Bordeverry to a fine dinner for saving his honor; but a few days after one of the Paris papers came out with a picture of the duel, and with Count A—— peeping from behind a tree. The count

M. BORDEVERRY SHOOTING BY "COMMANDEMENT" AS IN A DUEL. HE INVARIABLY HITS THE BULL'S-EYE.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

LYING ON HIS BACK HE HITS WITH ONE SHOT THE BALLOON HELD BY HIS WIFE AND ALSO THE BULL'S-EYE.

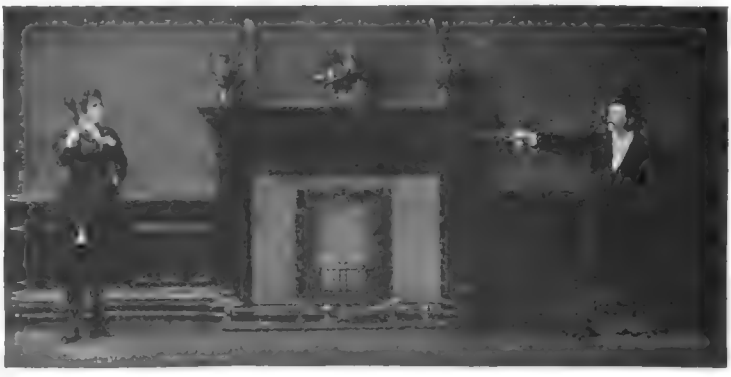
perspired with anger. He declared that he was not afraid; but in the midst of his defence some one told him that the whole thing was a joke. Then the nobleman declared that if he could shoot like Bordeverry, Bordeverry should be killed; but, as he could not shoot like Bordeverry, he had his revenge by excluding the sharpshooter from his list of nodding acquaintances.

Monsieur Gaston Bordeverry has a rather taking item on his programme, namely, a double shot. That is, he, lying on his back on a chair, gets a small balloon, which is held by his wife, in line with a bull's-eye on a target, and, with one pistol shot bursts the balloon and hits the bull's-eye. Another double shot which Monsieur Bordeverry once made in a hall in France upset a performer, and very nearly upset a performance. Before telling his story, however, let it be known that Gaston Bordeverry has humor as explosive as the powder he puts in his pistol; but this the performer referred to did not quite understand. He was a conductor of orchestra, and a bit of a nuisance. He was slow and disagreeable; but Monsieur Bordeverry determined to wake him up, "for one night only." At the performance the hall was packed, and the old man was as sleepy as ever. A temporary platform went from the stage into the hall, for the purpose of giving the shooter distance. The bullet thus passed over the heads of the musicians. The sleepy old conductor held his baton poised ready to take up the music at the right time, and Monsieur Bordeverry was aiming behind him. The shooter took a long aim. Puff! Smash went the top of the conductor's baton, and in a twinkling the old man was down in the region of powder-puffs and music, swearing that if he got an opportunity he would kill the sharpshooter.

WITH THE PISTOL IN HIS LEFT HAND HE HITS THE TRIGGER OF A SPRING, WHILST WITH THAT IN HIS RIGHT HE HITS THE PROJECTED BALL.

A particularly smart piece of work is partly shown in another of our illustrations. Here Monsieur Bordeverry is seen in the act of hitting with one shot a spring, which sends up a ball, and with the other shot putting a hole in the ball when it rises.

Perhaps that shown in the next picture is the finest shooting that Monsieur Bordeverry does. A bell is suspended by a thread, and while the bell is swinging he

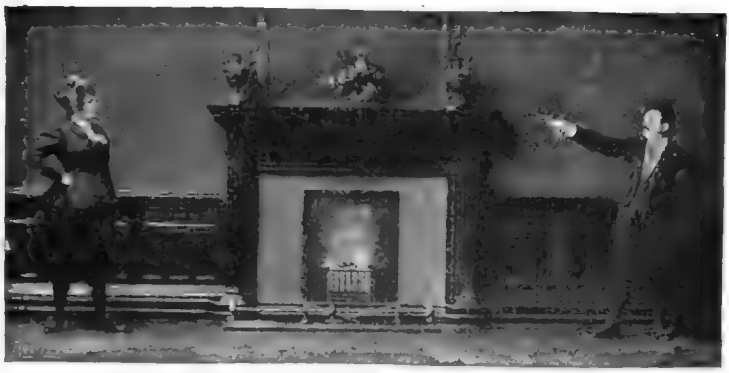


AT A DISTANCE OF THIRTY FEET HE CUTS, AS IT SWINGS, A SINGLE THREAD SUSTAINING A BELL. (FOR THE PURPOSES OF THESE PICTURES THE DISTANCE WAS LESSENED.)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

shoots at and breaks the thread.

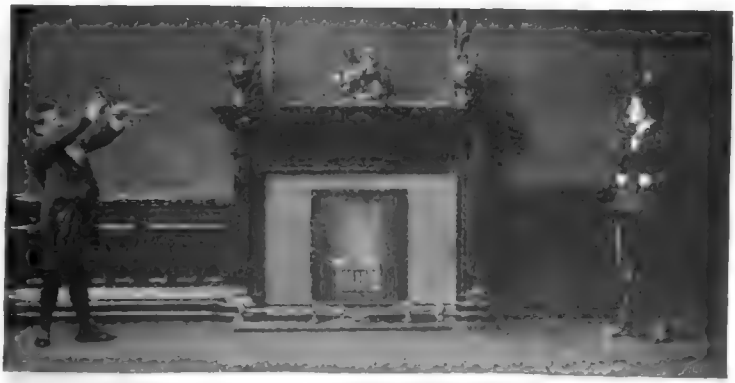
A picturesque item in the programme of Monsieur Bordeverry is where Madame Bordeverry stands 30 feet from her husband, with a piece of sugar and two small balloons fixed on her head. Monsieur Bordeverry, standing, first picks off one balloon; then with his pistol upside down, he bursts the other one; and finally, lying on his back on a chair, he picks off the sugar. Monsieur Bordeverry performs this feat while from his arm depends a 40-pound weight; but for this he trains specially. When the shooter is at this item, he will tell you that when he engages a male assistant he puts him to the sugar test. The first shot misses (not by accident), the second misses, and the probability is that the would-be assistant fears that the next may be a hit—in the wrong place—so he begs to be excused. When a man can stand steady after five or six successive misses, Monsieur Bordeverry considers that he can be trusted to do anything.



WITH SUCCESSIVE SHOTS HE HITS TWO SMALL BALLOONS AND A PIECE OF SUGAR.

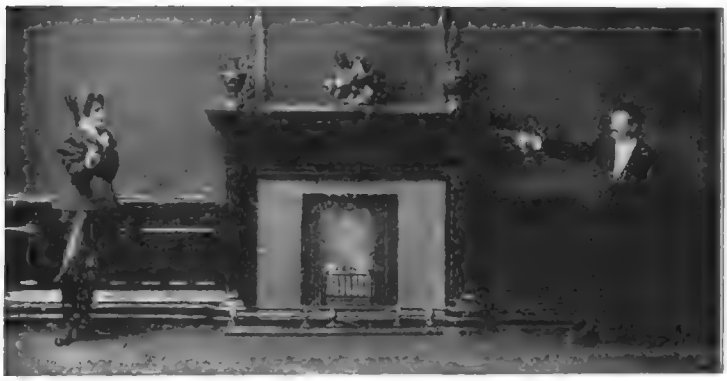
WITH INVERTED PISTOL HE HITS A BULL'S-EYE ON A SMALL CARD, NOT IN THE ORDINARY MANNER, BUT THROUGH THE EDGE OF THE CARD.

A feat, perhaps, as fine as the breaking of the thread is where Madame Bordeverry, having a piece of paper or card fixed on her head, stands at a distance of 30 feet from her husband, with the *edge* alone visible to the shooter. Holding his pistol upside down, Monsieur Bordeverry fires,



THE MOST DELICATE FEAT OF ALL. WITH ONE SHOT, LYING ON HIS BACK, HE HITS OFF A GRAPE WHICH IS RESTING ON A PIECE OF SUGAR BALANCED ON A CORK. WITH THE SECOND SHOT, STANDING WITH INVERTED PISTOL, HE PICKS OFF THE SUGAR, AND FINALLY HE HITS THE CORK.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



HE LIGHTS A MATCH—

and cuts the paper card in two. And not only that, but he cuts through a bull's-eye in the middle of the card!

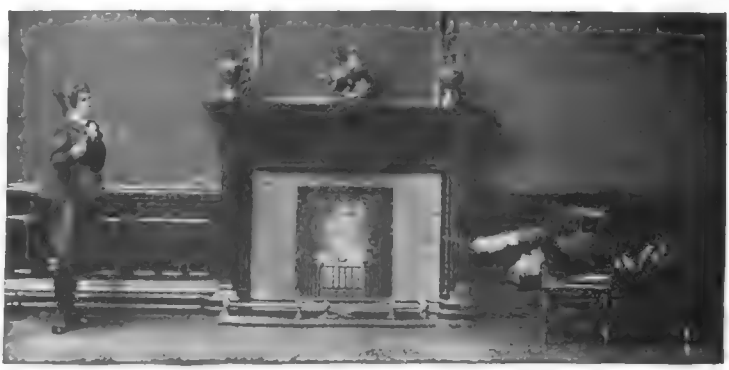
To the man or woman unaccustomed to this sort of thing, the swish of the bullet as it slashes through the paper has a disagreeable noise. The pompous conductor of a music hall in the north of England has some idea of this. "In the opinion of this conductor," says Bordeverry, "there is but one man in the world; and I wished him to understand that there were at least two men—and one bullet." In place of leaving the orchestra seats like the other musicians, the leader remained behind; and it was Bordeverry's duty to remove him. He had to shoot over the conductor's head. The first shot at the target missed. The conductor remained. The second shot also missed the target, but made a palpable hit, for the bullet whizzed past the conductor's ear, and in a minute he was down-stairs, his hurried departure being greeted with great merriment by the large audience.

What is unquestionably Monsieur Bordeverry's most wonderful piece of work is shown on the preceding page. Here Madame Bordeverry is seen with a cork fixed on an iron band, which rests on her head. A piece of sugar lies on the cork, and a grape completes the tower. Lying on his back again 30 feet distant, Monsieur Bordeverry knocks off the grape without touching the sugar; then, standing, but with the pistol turned over, he picks the sugar off the cork; and, finally, with the pistol in the normal position, he topples over the cork. This item is always performed amid a death-like stillness, for if it be not so dangerous as certain other things which Monsieur Bordeverry does, the fact that a miss by a hair's breadth would ruin the feat is impressed upon the audience.

Another illustration shows the Frenchman and his wife immediately after Monsieur Bordeverry has struck and lit a wax vesta held in the hands of Madame Bordeverry.

From lighting a wax vesta Monsieur Bordeverry proceeds to extinguish a burning cigarette, also held in Madame Bordeverry's hand. While, however, the vesta was struck from the standing position, the cigarette is extinguished by a bullet fired by the shooter while lying on his back.

Monsieur Bordeverry puts out pipes as well as cigarettes, one of the former having been extinguished to the amazement of



—AND PUTS OUT A CIGARETTE.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the keeper of the hall in which the sharpshooter practised when a youth. This keeper was a lazy, grumbling old fellow who would not "hurry up" unless his joints were well greased, the necessary greasing being "two drinks." Now Bordeverry resolved to make him move more quickly. One day the hall keeper sat lazily smoking his pipe, which hung shaking from his toothless jaws. It was a delightful profile—and target. Monsieur Bordeverry took up his pistol and aimed. "One, two, three—puff!" Away went the old hall keeper's pipe in a thousand pieces. And then the air was full of smoke and French oaths.

Whether William Tell be a myth I know not, but this I do know, that William Tell has not been credited with anything so sensational as Monsieur Gaston Bordeverry's feat of shooting a tiny coin from his daughter's head, and this while the shooter lies on his back on a chair. In the picture the coin appears to be about an inch from the girl's head; but from the position in which Monsieur Bordeverry lies he can just see the coin over his daughter's temple.

Monsieur Bordeverry is excusably proud of this feat, and explains that before he found courage to shoot at the coin on his daughter's head he practised for eighteen months at a coin stuck in a board, and although he fired a thousand shots daily, he never once struck the board. Monsieur Bordeverry says he believes there are many men who could hit a cent piece, but he does not believe, even in pistol-loving France, there is one other man who has the courage to fire at so small a coin on a human being's head. This leads me to say that, even when shooting in an ordinary drawing-room, there is no danger from this gentleman's pistol, for a small square of iron hung on the wall catches the spent bullets. Nevertheless, even with this safeguard, the manager of the *Figaro* had an anxious time when last year, at Monsieur Bordeverry's *début* in public, the sound of the shooting rang among the precious works of art; and in consequence of that excitement it is not likely that another pistol shooting will be held in the *Figaro's* hall, at least without the element of provocation.

LYING ON HIS BACK AT AN ANGLE THAT ONLY JUST SHOWS THE CENT PIECE ABOVE THE FOREHEAD OF HIS DAUGHTER, HE HITS THE COIN FROM A DISTANCE OF THIRTY FEET.

Monsieur Gaston Bordeverry's success in 1897, although wonderful, did not satisfy him. Seventeen years previously he had set out with the intention of becoming the champion shot of the world, and ere he could call himself by this proud title it was necessary for him to challenge the world. This he did on his arrival in London. He issued a challenge, the conditions of which were: A stipulated number of shots (bullets) from a pistol, distance ten yards; firing at the edge of a card in three positions; target not to be more than three inches square; ten seconds between shots; $500 a side.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A Tug of War

A leaf from an Attaché's note-book

By Gertrude K. Cowan.

It happened not very many years ago. The scene was a well-known southern continental seaport. The first act was played at a ball in honor of the Russian fleet, whose short visit to those waters had put the whole town *en fête*.

In one of those flowery, palm-hidden recesses considerately arranged for sitters-out, a couple were resting after the last waltz. She was of the type so general in London between the months of April and July. Tall, brown-haired, clear-complexioned, and, which is perhaps not quite so usual, perfectly dressed, her gown bearing the unmistakable hall-mark of Doucet's genius. He, too, was unquestionably English. Fair, with a tendency to leanness and considerable length and muscular development; a thin face, tanned to a healthy brown, with any pretensions to good looks slightly lessened by a curious sleepy droop of the eyelids. Yet there were people who, after once intercepting a glance from the eyes themselves, were wont to pronounce their owner a very wide-awake person indeed.

"Taking a holiday?" she was saying, sarcastically. "Ah, you must need one!"

He smiled gently. "Yes, I see you know our life at the Embassy. We smoke cigarettes all day, and succeed in getting up sufficient energy to attend receptions in the evening. But one requires relaxation even from doing nothing!"

Miss Fane frowned. "My father," she returned with dignity, "is in the diplomatic service—I ought to know something about it."

His smile deepened, less at the rebuke than at the unintentional slur conveyed by her words on her father's capabilities for work.

"Far be it from me to refute any of those established facts, or bring forward a popular fallacy—among ourselves—that occasionally we do a little hard work—under compulsion, of course! But speaking of Lord Wickham, he has kindly asked me to stay on board the yacht during the few days I shall be here—the shore accommodation is unpleasantly crowded just now."

"Oh, has he?" she replied, and, used as he was to reading tones and faces, he could not tell if she were pleased or sorry.

Presently she rose, and, with a little movement, shook out her skirts.

"Shall we go back?" she asked. "The music is beginning."

"Don't you think," he remarked, tentatively, "this weather is too hot for dancing? It would be so easy to avoid one's partner here."

"Would it?" she said, and smiled, but apparently with no intention of taking the hint. "Are you coming, Mr. Seymour?"

At the entrance to the ball-room they were met by a tall, fair man in the uniform of a Russian naval lieutenant. He appeared to be searching for some one, and his face lighted up suddenly at the sight of Miss Fane.

"Ah," he said softly, speaking in French, "I thought you had forgotten."

Then his eyes fell on her companion, and an indescribable look flashed into his

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

face. It was to the girl watching him as if for the fraction of a second a mask slipped from his features, and a strange expression—was it surprise, fear, recognition, or all three?—gleamed in his eyes. Puzzled, she glanced for explanation at her former partner. If in that brief moment his face, too, had changed; it only wore now its customary expression of blank impassiveness, and as she looked he bowed his thanks and moved away.

Seymour watched till he saw her yellow skirts whirled away into the brilliant, circling mosaic of glittering orders, gold lace, many-colored uniforms and dresses; then he passed out on to one of the balconies, and, lighting a cigarette, leant his elbows on the railing.

In spite of the lateness of the hour, the streets were still crowded, and across the harbor steam launches and pinnaces of all sizes flashed to and fro and in and out, like so many gigantic fireflies. The yards and sides of the ships were dressed with strings of colored lanterns, and so brilliant were the illuminations, one could almost discern the figures on the decks of the huge ironclads.

From the gay, flag-draped ball-room floated a continuous ripple of voices, light laughs, and the notes of a dreamy waltz. Now and again, when any one paused near the open windows, one caught detached fragments of conversation. Two men had stopped there now. They were senior officers in the English navy, who, fired by a desire to see something of the festivities, had come over from Malta on a few days' leave.

Seymour was drawing another cigarette from his case when some one touched him on the shoulder. A little, thin, weazen-faced man, the left side of whose coat was completely hidden by ribbons, stars, and orders, was standing behind him.

"I wanted you, Seymour," he said. He spoke quietly, almost with an air of proprietorship. "Have you seen my daughter?"

"She is dancing with one of the visitors, sir. By the way," he added carelessly, "I discovered in him an old—acquaintance! Strange, wasn't it?"

The other thoughtfully stroked his short, pointed mustache, while his little twinkling eyes surveyed his companion narrowly. Somehow his appearance was subtly suggestive of a lean, wise, old gray fox.

"Ah," he said at last, "and did he know you? Then isn't it a little dangerous to play such an open game?"

"Less than a secretive one. Had he discovered I was here in concealment it would have caused suspicion. As your guest—" He ended his sentence with a little characteristic shrug.

"Well, anyway, you'll send off your traps to the yacht to-morrow? I shall feel more comfortable knowing you are on board. One has to be careful in these little affairs!"

IN ONE OF THE RECESSES A COUPLE WERE RESTING AFTER THE WALTZ.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"I WANTED YOU, SEYMOUR," HE SAID.

There was a short silence. Now and again a rocket went up from one of the ships, leaving a shower of red and blue stars behind. Softened by distance came bursts of enthusiastic cheering from the crowds on the shore and water.

"And if, after all, the papers are not with him?" inquired Lord Wickham presently.

"He left Malta with them, and I don't think he will trust them to other hands to take to his employers. He means to get all the kudos for the business. . . . I know him rather well," Seymour continued, looking reflectively down on the red tip of his cigarette; "we were mixed up once in a little transaction in the East. Strange to say he didn't wear naval uniform then!"

"Would he risk carrying the papers about with him?"

"I don't suppose he imagines there is any risk. It is only known in our circle —and by the people who should have taken better care of them—that they have been abstracted. The whole business was a clever, a masterly little move, and but for one or two flaws might have succeeded admirably. He is still ignorant of those flaws. Possibly he intends taking the papers to the capital before going to Petersburg. There are others besides his countrymen who would be interested in the sight of them!"

There was a little pause, which Lord Wickham was the first to break.

"And you hope to obtain possession of those papers?" he said at last, carefully flicking a tiny speck of ash from the silk facing of his coat.

Seymour raised his eyes for an instant and looked his companion in the face.

"That," he said gently as his lids fell again, "is what I mean to do."

The elder man glanced at him in his turn. Then he chuckled softly and stroked his chin.

"You'll do," he murmured. "I shouldn't wonder if you rise to the top of the tree in time. I shouldn't indeed!"

"Shouldn't what?" inquired a clear voice behind them, and Miss Fane stepped into the balcony followed by her late partner. "Papa, isn't it time we were leaving? The Admirals are just going, and M. Murief has kindly promised to see us safely to the harbor—oh, I forgot you do not know each other—M. Murief, let me introduce you to my father. You know we met in Paris last year—so strange to come across each other here!"

"A circumstance which for me has doubled the charm of this delightful visit!" put in the Russian, bowing.

Seymour returned to his hotel that night

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

not altogether in a contented frame of mind, and his thoughts more full of private than diplomatic matters.

"If I fail," he said to himself slowly, "he will ask her to marry him. And she —well, it may be merely a flirtation on her part, she is an adept in that art—and yet—" He sighed rather wearily.

* * * * * *

The following day a *déjeuner* was held on board the flagship to which all the heads of departments and any distinguished visitors were invited. Miss Fane rose with a sigh of relief when a move was made to the upper deck. The flow of sugary phrases and compliments with which the representatives of each Power loaded the other bored her extremely.

"I hope you remember your promise of permitting me to show you over the ship?" It was M. Murief who spoke, as he joined her on deck. "Do you care to come now?"

He had monopolized her exclusively during luncheon, scarcely removing his eyes from her face, save for an occasional covert glance down the table to where Basil Seymour—who owed his invitation to being Lord Wickham's guest—was seated. He had a vague sensation of being watched by the other, though, when he looked in that direction, the English attaché's gaze was on his plate or his head was bent conversationally toward his neighbor.

Seymour was talking to the girl when the Russian put his question, and saw her turn with a smile and eager assent. He drew the end of his fair mustache into his mouth and bit it thoughtfully as they moved away together.

Presently he glanced over the side. The harbor was swarming with boats of all sizes and descriptions, while parties of sightseers were every minute coming on board, and being received with effusion by certain of the ship's company told off for that duty. He turned slowly away and leisurely crossed the deck, pausing to speak to the wife of the Prefect de Marine; then, taking advantage of the confusion caused by the constant flow of visitors, he disappeared down an after-hatchway.

On their way to the upper deck that morning they had passed the officers' quarters, and Murief had pointed out his cabin. In this direction Seymour, after leaving the wardroom, rapidly made his way, and softly pushing open the door, entered, closing it again behind him.

He was pale, and his breath came quickly and heavily. But there was no nervous haste or indecision about his movements, and he ran his eye round the cabin with the practised gaze of one accustomed to take in all he saw at a single glance. A little later, had M. Murief entered his cabin his eyes would have been met by the surprising spectacle of a man extended upon its deck, his head and shoulders beneath the bunk, while he deliberately inserted key after key in the lock of a leather-covered despatch-box suspended by a steel chain between the mattress and deck.

To Seymour, who feared this interruption might indeed occur, it seemed hours before his repeated efforts were at length successful, and he was able to support the box with one hand, while he removed the contents with the other.

A number of papers lay neatly tied together in packets. He lifted them out and laid them beside him. Then he examined the exterior of the case again.

"Shallow compartment for the outer depth," he muttered. "Ah, I thought so!"

Running his fingers over the inside of the box, they had come in contact with a small knob. Pressure on this caused the supposed bottom of the case to spring up, disclosing another compartment below. In this were several documents, folded flatly, and his hand shook a little as he examined them. But the look of strained anxiety left his face, a red flush mounting in its stead.

The first paper appeared to be a plan of some fortifications on thin parchment. Without a second glance he lifted out all as he had done the first. But this time they were not laid on the deck.

Miss Fane and the Russian lieutenant

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

were leaning over the side when the attaché came on deck again. The girl's eyes were bright, and her face a little flushed; the man's wore a triumphant expression. Seymour's brows contracted suddenly. Vaguely he wondered if, though one game had passed into his hands that afternoon, another had slipped from them. Then his face became as vacantly impassive as usual.

"I think," he said, with a rather weary smile as he joined them, "I could take out a certificate for navigation; I have learnt so much on board to-day."

* * * * * *

"We up anchor to-morrow, sir?"

"Would you rather leave before?"

Seymour shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, not at all. Besides, Miss Fane tells me we dine with the Admiral to-night."

"I don't know," Lord Wickham said, slowly, "if it would not have been wiser had you left at once. And look here, Seymour, don't go on shore; better not to run any risks. The consequences might be awkward, and we don't want any unpleasantness at *this* crisis."

"All right, sir. My only reason for going to the Admiral's to-night is to keep an eye on our friend, as he has done on me all day!"

The elder man followed the direction of his eyes. A shore boat, pulled by two men in the blue jerseys and red caps of ordinary boatmen, threaded its way slowly in and out among the mass of small craft still crowding the harbor, yet always keeping the same distance from the English yacht. He glanced at his companion with slightly raised brows. The latter nodded in answer. "Not asleep, you see! But he won't trust more important work than that to any but himself."

Though all the ports were open, it was very warm in the Admiral's forecabin that evening; the scent from the profuse floral decorations adding to the heaviness of the atmosphere. It was a small and extremely select dinner, the guests only numbering twenty-four, while M. Murief and the flag-lieutenant were the only junior officers present. Miss Fane had been sent in with the former, and was seated between him and Seymour, upon whom she did not expend much attention. Indeed, whenever he glanced in that direction he seldom saw more than her shoulder and the back of her head, while she kept up a continuous flow of low-toned conversation with the man on her other side. It was toward the end of the dinner that a prolonged cessation of this conversation caused him to turn his head. The chair next to Miss Fane was empty.

"Where is your neighbor?" he inquired casually.

"Called away on duty," she answered. He leant back in his chair again, and for a time his somewhat spasmodic efforts at conversation were neither particularly entertaining nor brilliant.

"When will this be over?" he whispered at last to Ethel Fane. "The heat's getting unbearable, and I've a frantic headache."

"I thought something was the matter, you're so——"

"Dull," he finished as she paused. "I'm awfully sorry, but I believe I shall faint or do something equally idiotic soon."

"Why not go on deck? You can get away unnoticed, and if anything is said I'll make apologies for you."

"Thanks awfully. It will be better than making a fool of myself, anyway."

He glanced round the table. An ice *soufflé*—the model of a line-of-battle ship flying the national colors of both countries and correct in every detail, to military masts and turret-guns—was just appearing. Taking advantage of the interest this novelty was exciting, Seymour made his escape.

At the head of the companion ladder he met the quartermaster and asked him to give orders for Lord Wickham's gig to come alongside.

The long narrow boat cut through the water almost noiselessly, the splash of the oars being lost in the confused sounds of the harbor, and they came alongside the yacht before the occupants of a dinghy lying astern were conscious of their approach.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The sailing-master and the greater part of the crew were ashore. The second steward, sleeping noisily in a deck chair, stumbled guiltily to his feet at the sound of a step near him.

"Any one been on board, Philips?" Seymour asked carelessly.

"No, sir—at least—that is, sir, only a messenger from his lordship—wanted something in the deck-house. He's gone again, I think; he said he'd not be long, and he didn't need me."

Seymour looked him over comprehensively. Then he turned away with a slight smile.

"All right; and—just try to keep awake for a little in case I want you."

Then he went aft and down the companion to his cabin. The door was closed, but not fastened. He pushed it softly open. The electric light was half switched on, and by its gleam he saw the figure of a man, his back toward the door, kneeling before an open despatch-box, from which he was removing and examining one by one the papers it contained. With a swift movement Seymour stretched out his hand and switched on the light to its full extent. The effect was as that of an electric shock upon the kneeling man. With a bound he sprang to his feet and faced the door.

A moment or two they stood confronting each other, no sound save the steady beat of the chronometer outside breaking the silence. Then the Russian's lips moved spasmodically, and his teeth gleamed in a straight, white line. It was meant as an ingratiating smile, but caused one to think of the snarl of an angry animal brought to bay.

Seymour came farther into the cabin, gently closing the door behind him.

"To what do I owe the honor of this visit?" he inquired urbanely.

During an instant the other's eyes wavered. It was as if he were searching for some way of escape. Then they returned to the attaché's face.

"I think," he said, smoothly, "that is a somewhat unnecessary question."

Seymour's face expressed innocent surprise.

"Ah, then perhaps," he said, "it is the custom in M. Murief's country for one man to enter another's cabin and ransack and read his private papers? In that case—" He paused and shrugged his shoulders.

"My presence here is not from any wish to examine your private effects, monsieur, but to recover some personal property."

"And yet," returned the Englishman, with the same suave politeness, "my cabin still seems to me a rather unlikely spot for monsieur to recover his missing property from. And that being so, would it not be well for him to return to his ship before his prolonged absence is commented upon?"

He made a slight movement, as if he would have held open the door; but the other did not stir, only after a little pause his hand moved surreptitiously to his pocket, his fingers closing round something concealed there. Seymour observed the movement and a dangerous gleam in the man's eyes.

It was the Russian who broke the silence which had followed the other's last words.

"It would be, as you say, well for me to rejoin my ship again. Therefore I must request you without further delay to hand over the papers abstracted from my cabin yesterday afternoon."

Again Seymour's face was expressive of nothing but polite astonishment.

"My dear sir, you are really laboring under some strange delusion! I have nothing of—er—yours in my possession."

The Russian's hand was slowly withdrawn from his pocket; in its grasp was a small shining object. It was his trump card; but for many reasons he had no wish to play it. He preferred subtler methods and ones involving less chance of awkward consequences to himself and those he served.

"I am sorry to use coercive measures," he began, with elaborate carelessness, "but monsieur gives me no other alternative." He raised his arm slightly. "I ask once more—the papers?"

"I regret I must return the same an-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

swer—I have nothing of monsieur's in my possession."

He had pulled the door slightly farther open, and his fingers still rested on the brass knob. The light from the little milky globe on the bulkhead gleamed on the small sinister weapon in the other's hand. He began wondering in a vague mechanical way, almost as if the subject concerned some one else, what would be the feelings of Lord Wickham and his daughter when they returned and found the attaché to the British Embassy murdered on board of their yacht. He hardly believed the other would risk so much, and yet—he knew the man before him was desperate, and former experience had taught him that there were few things a desperate man of his stamp would stick at.

Then for an instant the Russian's eyes wavered and he looked straight over the Englishman's shoulder through the open door. Instinctively Seymour glanced in the same direction. Whether what happened afterward was the result of an accident or a deliberate act, he never could be quite certain, but before he could turn again he was conscious of a flash, a hot stinging sensation in his shoulder, and of a report that seemed to echo and reëcho from every side. Yet with the swiftness of a panther, and before the other realized his intention, he sprang forward, and closing with him wrenched the weapon from his hand. The next moment he flung it through the open port, the electric light flashing for an instant on its silver mountings before it fell with a splash into the water.

HE WAS CONSCIOUS OF A FLASH AND A HOT, STINGING SENSATION IN HIS SHOULDER.

They stood facing each other. In the stillness following the report the beat of the chronometer sounded obtrusively loud. Both men were breathing heavily. Both were very white—the Russian more with anger than fear. His last card was played and lost; there was nothing left but flight. And that, unperceived or unchecked, was impossible now. Already there was a sound of steps outside and voices. The boatswain, at the sound of the shot, had hurried on board, and pushing the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

sleepy steward unceremoniously aside, was making his way to the cabin.

Seymour was giddy and sick. His shoulder throbbed painfully, and something warm and wet was trickling from it down his sleeve. He staggered and caught at the bulkhead, then sat suddenly down in a limp heap on the side of his berth.

A terrible buzzing in his brain made it difficult for him to steady his voice or to speak intelligibly to the man who had just appeared in the doorway. He made an effort to pull himself together, and raised his head.

"I've unfortunately had an accident with my revolver, Williams," he said. "I want you to return at once to the flagship with this gentleman, and he will explain to his lordship what has happened."

Perhaps something in his glance warned the man to ask no questions, for, whether or no the astute Williams thought it slightly curious a person should be able to wound himself in the shoulder-blade by accident, his face remained impassive, and he merely replied, "Ay, ay, sir," as if it were the most every-day occurrence.

But Murief, who had stood with arms hanging motionless at his sides, and his face hard and expressionless, looked up quickly, and, raising his eyebrows, muttered "Fichtre!" into his mustache. Then after a moment's hesitation he picked up his uniform cap and moved toward the door.

On the threshold he paused, his lips parting in a little smile.

"I own myself beaten, monsieur," he said, in rapid French. "It is—humiliating. But when next we meet—well, *nous verrons!* and, till then, *au revoir!*"

But Basil Seymour answered nothing. He had fallen forward across his berth, while a sound like the surging of the sea

"I'VE HAD AN ACCIDENT WITH MY REVOLVER, WILLIAMS," HE SAID.

rushed into his ears, and all grew black before his sight.

* * * * * *

The sunlight flashed on the tumbling, sparkling waves, making their reflection play unceasingly on the brasses and white sides of the yacht.

On deck in a long chair Basil Seymour lay at full length. His face had that bleached appearance which tells of recent illness.

Suddenly a white serge-clad figure appeared above a hatchway, and, after a

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

moment's hesitation, Ethel Fane came toward his chair.

"I am glad to see you on deck, Mr. Seymour."

He looked up with a smile. "Ah," he said, as she drew up a chair to his side, "now you're coming to talk and amuse me? I'm longing for some one to talk to!"

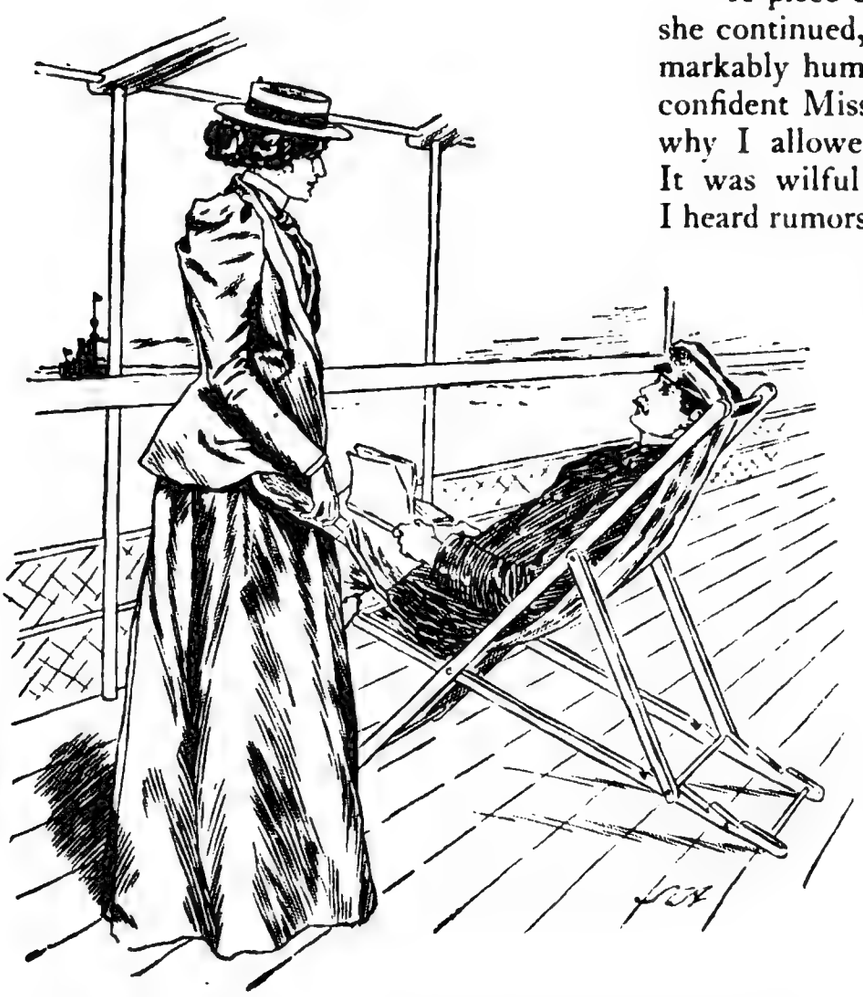
But just then Ethel Fane was evidently not in a talkative mood.

"What a bore you must have found me during the past fortnight! I can never thank you and Lord Wickham enough for all your kindness. By the way," he added carelessly, "what did you do when you heard of my accident?"

"Of course we had no idea how serious it was. But we came off at once, bringing a doctor——"

"And then——" as she paused.

"And then I—that is, we—thought——" She stopped with a shudder. "Oh, it was horrible!"



AFTER A MOMENT'S HESITATION, ETHEL FANE CAME TO HIS CHAIR.

"Was it?" He looked at her. Then suddenly a smile parted his lips.

There was silence. At last she turned her eyes from the sea to his face.

"Why did you let him go?" she asked abruptly.

He returned her look with mild surprise.

She moved impatiently. "Oh, yes, I know the story that has been given to the world. But why did you do it?"

"Because," he answered simply, "I could do nothing else.

"I suppose," he continued, after a little pause, "he has gone away?"

"He could hardly have done otherwise," she returned dryly.

"And for that you have me to thank. How friendly disposed you must feel toward me now!"

Miss Fane glanced at him quickly.

"That," she said slowly, "was all a mistake."

"Was it?"

"A piece of foolishness on my part," she continued, which struck him as a remarkably humble admission from the self-confident Miss Fane. "I can't imagine why I allowed myself to drift as I did. It was wilful self-deception on my part. I heard rumors in Paris last year of various political matters in which he had been mixed up. I even heard it whispered that he was a Government——"

"Exactly," he interrupted smoothly, "but the word has an ugly sound, and we won't use it. I don't think you need blame yourself for enjoying his society. Socially he is undoubtedly a success."

"But you don't know all."

"Don't I?" He looked at her with a little enigmatic smile in his eyes.

"He—he asked me to marry him." She paused.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Then went on with breathless haste: "I asked him to wait—to give me three weeks in which to think over my answer. I thought if I were making any mistake I should know by that time."

"And when were you first conscious that it was a mistake?"

Her eyelids flickered under his steady gaze.

"I think," she said, below her breath, "always. But more especially that evening, a fortnight ago, when—we came back from the flagship."

He was the first to break the silence that followed.

"And what about the answer?" he asked.

"I sent it next day."

A momentary expression crossed her face. The man who was watching her could not tell if it were some deeper emotion or merely the regret of a sympathetic nature at having caused avoidable pain.

Her eyes turned once more to the vividly blue Mediterranean and the gay-colored boats with their lateen sails and long, loosely swinging booms.

It was very still—the stillness of a Southern noon. The creak and groan of cordage and all the sounds of a harbor came to them softened by distance. The silence that seemed peculiarly to surround them was only broken by the whisper of the water round the sides, and the screams and flappings of the gulls as they struggled and fought for scraps from the galley port.

But Seymour as he lay back in his chair, no longer felt such a thoroughly keen enjoyment in the present. He was thinking of the difference the next day would make in the scene. The next day the anchor would be weighed and the moorings cast off. The engine-room telegraph would tinkle, the engines begin to throb and pant, and before noon the warmth and gayety and brilliance of the South would be left behind for the cold grays and blues of the bay and English Channel. They would be on their way to Southampton, and at Southampton he was to leave Lord Wickham's yacht.

"We are going on to Norway," she said, presently, and with an abruptness that led him to think the same thoughts had been in her mind also. "Won't you join us? My father will be very pleased if you will do so."

Her hands were loosely clasped on her knees. He leant forward and laid his lean brown fingers lightly upon hers. And as they did not seem to resent the touch, his closed more firmly over them.

"If I come," he said, and his face was no longer expressionless, but full of a great earnestness and something she had never seen there before, "it will be on the condition that I have a satisfactory answer to a question I have been waiting to ask for a long time. Ethel, will you promise to give me the answer I want?"

"Don't you think," she returned gravely, yet with a mischievous light in her eyes, "I should wait to hear that question before I make any rash promises?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

By Lewis Stevens.

It sounds paradoxical to assert that swimming may be learned on dry land, yet such, according to many eminent authorities, is undoubtedly the case. It has been found, after long experience, that men and women, and even children, who have studied the various movements of swimming while upon the dry land have become far more proficient in the art than those who commenced by floundering about in the water.

This strange theory of learning how to become a successful swimmer was first propounded ten years ago by the English Royal Life Saving Society. The idea was laughed at, and dismissed without any serious consideration whatever. The London School Board was approached, but the theory was too novel and so altogether opposed to accepted ideas that the offer was declined, although the Amateur Swimming Association sent a deputation to the School Board Committee supporting the claims

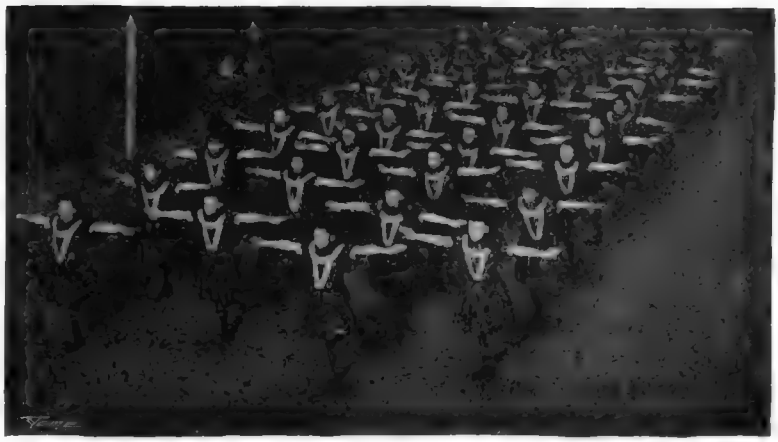
THE BREAST STROKE—FIRST MOVEMENT.

THE BREAST STROKE—SECOND MOVEMENT.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

that were advanced.

But, strange to say, although the system has not received the official recognition of the Board, it is in one of their schools that children are being taught upon the dry land to swim in the water. Miss Kingston, an organizing teacher, with controlling power over certain board schools in the district of Hackney, made a study of all known systems of learning to swim, and she came to the conclusion that the new theory was well worth putting into practice.



THE BREAST STROKE—FINAL MOVEMENT.

She introduced the system, and by dint of perseverance has brought it to perfection, so that now there is not the slightest doubt that the water is not the place in which to learn to swim.

LEARNING THE SIDE STROKE.

How well the system has worked is shown by Miss Kingston's report, issued last year. She says: "The swimming and life-saving drill has already proved a great help to the acquisition of the art of swimming. I have visited many schools in the district, at the request of the head teachers, to impart instruction to those children who intended to visit the bath this summer. It is not only an effective and beneficial form of physical exercise, but it materially helps to shorten the amount of time spent by the children in the water in learning the movements."

French children, it is interesting to note, have for many years past been taught to swim upon dry land in accordance with the new theory. The little ones lie face downward on small stools raised about a foot from the ground, and in this position are taught the movements of swimming.

We publish a number of photographs showing the method in which the classes are conducted, and the movements through which the children are put. Those who understand swimming will readily appreciate the first three pictures, which show the positions and actions of the arms, shoulder, and breast in moving through the water. The fourth illustration shows how the children learn the side stroke.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE ART OF PROMOTING ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION.

The exercises depicted in the fifth and sixth photographs are very useful, and can be explained much more fully upon shore than in the water. In the seventh, the children are being taught how to release themselves from the clutch of a dying person, whilst in the eighth picture they

artificial respiration in a drowning person who has been brought to shore, and the method of "turning" such a person in the way most likely to aid in restoring consciousness.

All the children who have been through the course of swimming lessons as ar-

SHOWING HOW THE VICTIM OF A LONG IMMERSION SHOULD BE TURNED DURING THE PROCESS OF PROMOTING ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION.

are practising the method of carrying an insensible person in the water—one, for instance, who has met with an accident or who has been seized with cramp.

Of course, in connection with the swimming lessons, the children at Miss Kingston's school are taught how to induce

ranged by Miss Kingston have turned out remarkably successful swimmers, far more so, indeed, than if they had studied in the old orthodox manner. Many other schools and night classes are adopting the system under Miss Kingston's direction, and an exhibition given not long ago led all those

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

who were present on that occasion, and favored the old system, to come to the conclusion that, after all, there was something in learning to swim upon the dry land.

Perhaps the greatest advantage of the new system is that all children — the timid as well as the daring—have equal opportunities in learning to swim. Under the old régime many children became terribly frightened upon finding themselves in the water, and it was next to impossible to teach them any of the movements. But by going through the various exercises upon the dry land, in a quiet and thorough manner, the children master every detail of the art, and thus, when they at last enter the water, they have infinitely more assurance than they possibly could have did they not know how to support and propel their bodies.

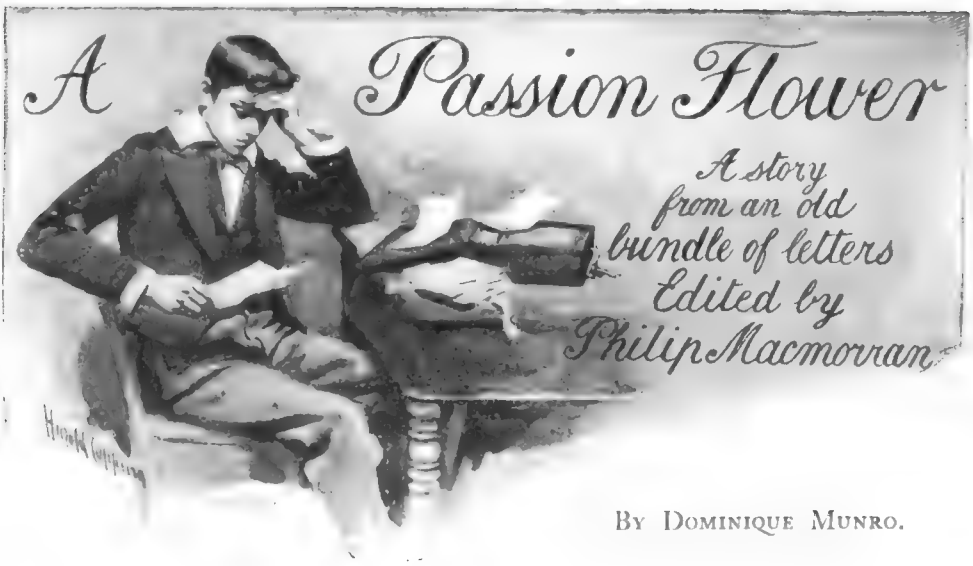
A METHOD OF FREEING ONE'S SELF FROM A DROWNING PERSON. THIS CAN CERTAINLY BE LEARNED BETTER ON DRY LAND THAN IN THE WATER.

Another advantage of learning to swim upon the dry land is the great saving in time and trouble which is effected; the lessons in this very useful art have been so inadequate on account of the inconvenience entailed by a visit to the swimming baths. Few schools possess baths of their own, and thus it has been necessary, when a lesson in swimming was to be given, to proceed to some public bath. Such a visit would at least occupy a whole morning, and naturally the lessons have not been so frequent as to give them the value they might otherwise possess. Now, the school hall or the gymnasium takes the place of the swimming bath, and thus lessons may be conveniently given two or three times a week.

Swimming on dry land is an occupation for the whole year round. It is as much a winter as a summer exercise, and, in fact, the somewhat violent drill is perhaps better suited as a recreation for cold weather than for those months when outdoor bathing is most attractive. We heartily recommend this system to the public schools of America, having no doubt that it will ultimately be adopted.

LEARNING HOW TO SUPPORT AN UNCONSCIOUS PERSON IN THE WATER.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



By Dominique Munro.

" . . . . Love is flower-like,
Friendship is a sheltering tree."
Coleridge.

I'm Philip, the third of the "Rectory children," and I am writing this down just because Eric, good old Chummy, left me his desk and papers when he——

But that's telling the story in my own words, and I don't want to do that, for you see I have no pretensions to being an author. Well, it's just because I have become the possessor of all Eric's papers and letters, and it seems to my experienced eye (I am the editor of the *Magpie*, our house magazine at Eton, you know) that there is a remarkably pathetic story running through these letters which I have come across, tied together in a bundle with blue ribbon. Poor old Chummy! So I am just going to copy them out as I found them, and only put in a remark or two when a remark or two is needed.

Why I am the third member of our family is because Chummy—that is, Eric—was the eldest. Algy, who is in the Royal Navy, is the second, and I am the third. I wasn't always the third, because there used to be a girl between Algy and me. Her name was Rosie—Rosie Macmorran; our surname is Macmorran—but she died some years ago. So I am a good deal younger than Chummy was, you see, and he used to call me "Phlops," I am sure I don't know why. There is one other of us; "Chubby," the baby of the family, awfully fat and round, but a jolly little sportsman for all that. His real name is Seton. Mater was a Seton before she married the governor.

Well, we lived in the dear old Rectory in Surrey, and next door to us was the "Gables," where there lived such a funny old sort of a fellow, a miser sort of a chap, and he had one child, Gabrielle. Of course, we called her "Gables" after the house, except Chummy. He called her "Bunny," because she used to come into our garden through a hole in the fence. She almost lived with us, and we all loved her—and then—the old miser died, and Gabrielle cried a great deal—I don't know why, she never loved him, but I suppose she felt she was alone in the world—and Chummy kissed her, and they walked about together hand-in-hand, and then she went away to France to her guardian, Monsieur N——.

At first, letters, short notes, from Gables' convent school, and some from her guardian's house, used to come here, and Chummy read them out aloud, or send them home for us to read, if he were

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

away at the time ; but, suddenly, we children were kept out of it all, I never understood why, and now—I do know, so I am going to tell you all about it. Those letters that came after a bit meant much more for Chummy than he cared for us to realize. And as Gables grew older so Eric grew quieter, and we seemed to hear less and less of either of them ; now I have the whole story in these few letters, so I will just copy them out that others may understand.

I am only a boy, and a careless enough chap, I know, not endowed with overmuch sentiment ; but I own to having felt a bit choky the first time I read through this bundle. I shall call the whole "A Passion Flower," because it seems to me that poor Gables' love story can best be described in those two words. And Chummy's, too, for the matter of that ; but somehow I don't care to think of this as the story of *his* life. I half think none of us ever knew Chummy really well—he seems to have lived by himself.

The first letter in the bundle is dated March 22, 1894, and is as follows :

DEAR ERIC :

Here I am at last, home for long weeks of delights and merry-making. You see I have learned to call it "home," though I so passionately declared when I left the old Rectory in Surrey that nowhere, *no* where again could I make a home ! How silly ! We are, after all, but creatures of circumstance, are we not ? How is your mother ? I will write to her to-morrow, and so, between the two of you, you will be able to follow your little girl-friend through the rosy paths of her happy life out here in France. And they are rosy, dear—I mean them to be, they *shall* be.

When I left the Sisters at the convent gate this morning, I said to myself : "When I get home, I will write to Eric and tell him all about the term that has passed, and my exams., and my schoolfellows, the good nuns, and the services, so different to those in your father's church ; but then I am in the centre of Catholicity here, and—do not frown, as I can almost see you doing—I *like* it. Yes, I love it, for are not my dear, kind guardian and his mother Catholics ? And does not he stride off to mass at the little chapel attached to the monastery every morning, and come home singing with the early birds, whilst I lie lazily in my little white, curtained bed ? I must describe him if I can. He is tall and upright, and has a clean-shaven, oval face, with huge brown eyes. He is young, very young, and

HE CALLED HER BUNNY, BECAUSE SHE USED TO COME INTO OUR GARDEN THROUGH A HOLE IN THE FENCE.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

talks to me in English, to remind me, he says, of home.

And now that I have found a few moments after a busy day to write my intended letter, I can think of nothing to say but that I am happy—far, far happier than I expected to be.

Do you remember the day I left England, two years ago, when you and I sat in the Rectory garden—I in my sombre black dress, with the crape that I tried to feel the weight of on my spirits—and how I wickedly said that a father who had been so hard in life might at least have left me in the care of a man whom I knew or could love, and how I promised you faithfully that my guardian should never, never take your place in my heart, you who had been more than a brother to me all my eighteen years? Yes, Eric, I am eighteen now; I was eighteen two weeks ago! Well, how little we dreamed of all that would take place since that day!

"Guardy" gave me such a splendid photograph album on my birthday, and I have put your mother and his mother in it, side by side, and when I look at them I keep saying in my heart, "Which do I love best?"

There is the dinner-bell—I must fly. Kiss all the children for me. Dear, you are not too old to kiss, in spite of your commission and the sword that your proud mother has buckled on to-night, for you see this is the 22d, and I remember that you told me your kit would come down to-day, and you were to appear in it to welcome the Rector home after his holiday. Kiss the Rector, too, and whisper that Gabrielle never forgets—never! and a large portion of her heart is in the British Isles.

Ever yours erratically,

BUNNY.

The second letter is to my mother. Eric must have begged it of her to keep with the rest:

March 23d.

DEAR AUNTIE:

A line in great haste. I am going out with "Guardy," and he wants me to wear my new dress, so I shall have to allow half an hour to titivate! How I seem to have changed since I left England. And I feel the change,—I don't know where, sometimes in my heart, I think, sometimes in my throat, all in a sort of lump. It is silly to send so short a note. What would I not give to take a peep in at the Rectory window! How proud you must be that Eric is now a "full-blown" officer. I pictured the scene last night, even to the tears that I feel must have been in your eyes as you buckled on that sword and saw him standing up so tall and straight by his father, topping him by fully half a head; and Eric's flush of pride as the Rector shook him by the hand—oh, why do I run on so?—it does me no good. Good-by—love to all my dear ones.

Ever your own

GABRIELLE.

July 23d.

DEAR OLD ERIC:

I am so tired and have so bad an ache all through in my heart, and head and everywhere; when I talk there comes a great lump to choke me; so I ran upstairs a few minutes ago, to be alone, and I re-read your and your mother's last letters; they seemed to do me good.

How pleased I am that you are getting on so well. I can never say how glad,—oh, Eric, boy, how proud "Auntie" must be of her soldier son. She tells me the colonel has sent such kind words of you.

You must never say again that I am growing not to love you as I used. Eric, could you see me now, writing at the desk you gave me, and using the pen you carved the handle of! To my right hangs the little tin sword with which you used to vanquish me and my army in the nursery! On my left, that despised amateur photograph of you in the battered old frame, just as it always has been since you had the impudence to say you would give it to me for a kiss. As if I wanted it!

Yes, I do love my guardian; you are

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

". . . ON MY LEFT, THAT DESPISED AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPH OF YOU."

quite right. He is all that he could be, and far, far more than I thought he would be.

And so you "get on" with your captain and think the colonel is a "jolly old boy." I believe from all you tell me that the major must have had a love story in his youth. The other subaltern in your company is a muff! Don't give him any more of my love, but give it all to "Dumps," and "Scamp," and "Don," and "Easy" (you see, I know them all by their correct names now). Don't say all your news can't interest me. It does; indeed, indeed it does.

7 P. M.

Thank you a thousand times for telling your mother to send me on one of those splendid "uniformed" photographs; I've just received it. How lovely it is! Just my old playfellow all over. But, Eric, what is the something in your eyes? . . . It is different. You look so strong, almost fierce. Do you know, I doubt if I should dare tease you as I used to do, if I met you now. I believe I should be afraid of you. I shall put the photograph side by side with the other one.

They say out here that it is unnatural for me to write to you as I do!

Ever yours,

GABRIELLE.

January 7, 1895.

What a little wretch I have been not to have written all these weeks and months.

I have just found your last three letters unanswered in my desk, so I am going to write to you a splendid long epistle to make up for my shameful neglect. And I never even wrote for your twenty-first birthday. How odd it seems to think of you so "grown up." I seem to remember you always as a rough-headed, laughing boy, with merry blue eyes.

"Auntie" tells me you are so quiet and staid now, and that your captain is worried by your looks. Do take care of yourself, dear, for your mother's sake. Since she lost Rosie, she is so anxious

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

about you all. You mustn't flatter me; fancy saying that that photograph is the prettiest thing you've got! My guardian becomes more and more to me day by day and week by week, but I am sure he doesn't understand; he seems almost to avoid me, and always takes his mother with us if we go driving now, and I walk by myself with the big dogs. . . .

"Guardy" never comes! He lets me go into his study sometimes, presumably to talk business about my affairs and future, but when I am there, we sit one each side of the table, and I do all the talking, just running on anyhow, saying bad things and silly things and ordinary things, all muddled up together, just as I think them, and he sits there with me with his huge, solemn brown eyes fixed on me, following me through every mood and tense; and once I jumped suddenly from laughter to tears, and he said, "Dear, I love you so like that, treating me as a real friend" . . . as if I ever treated him or thought of him as anything but a friend.

Oh, Chummy, thank you for saying you are beginning to understand; let me do as you ask me to, just tell you all about it—how I love him—a part of my life he has become! And he doesn't know, he will never understand. He is so good, so far and away above me in all. The people here worship him. It is so natural, somehow; he seems to fill up the gaps everywhere. Do you understand? His mother is so sad. I think she guesses how I care.

You tell me in your last letter that you want me to write because you love me—because you miss me. Go on loving me, dear old Eric, my soldier-boy; love me right to the end of the chapter. I have no real brother, father, nor mother, and I trust so much in you, rely so much on your love. But why do you say it hurts you to love me so? . . . and why ask if it hurts me to hear of it? . . . I don't understand. Don't puzzle me, Eric. All life seems such a complicated affair; and you used to be so simple, I understood; but now . . . ? No, you must promise me faithfully not to be sad and miserable; go on being my boy friend whom I always think of as surrounded by brightness and happiness and laughter. Anyway, Eric, forgive the selfish shrinking from pain that prompts me to ask you not to write miserably. I can't bear it just now!

We are going to travel about a bit for a whole year, so I don't know when or where I shall write again. Love to all. Never forget your little sister

GABLES.

December 22, 1895.

DEAR ERIC:

You see this year I remember your birthday, and snatch a few moments to write to you. Many, many happy returns of the day, dear. I hope indeed that you may get your wish, and see some active service soon. God bless my old boy friend. I appreciate your letters; they have come to me at all the foreign places as a real boon and blessing, and thank you very much for the merriness throughout them, the jokes, and the "jolly larks" you describe.

I like to think of you as happy as you seem to be, and I am so glad you are no longer miserable. Eric, my guardian kissed me as usual last night when I said "Good-night," and afterward he held me to him, and said, "I wonder how I shall bear losing you." For a moment it sent a sort of thrill through me, and then I said, "But I can come and see you." He only sighed and turned away. But tell me you are glad, for I am sure he cares far more now than he used to do. I will, I must make him love me in time. Is it wrong to talk like this? Anyhow I think it, and I always tell you what I think. I can't bear to realize that when I am twenty-one I must leave him. Good-by, dear.

Ever yours,

GABRIELLE.

P. S.—How few people remember that "Good-by" is a blessing. "God be with you."

The next letter in the bundle is from the mater to Gabrielle; we found it in

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

her desk the other day. It is as follows :

January 21, 1896.

DEAR GABRIELLE :

We have had such a sad, sad Christmas time. Poor Eric was dreadfully ill ; I was telegraphed for to nurse him. I am just sending these few lines at his special request to tell you that he had your last letter, and says he is glad. I am out of it all, so I cannot tell what he means. Ah, Gabrielle, dear child, I wonder if you understand what a mother feels when for the first time a girl has the power to shut her son's heart from her ! My poor Eric is so weak and ill that I dare not let him send you even a few lines, as he would certainly try and do were I not here. I do not know all that is happening to my little " daughter " ; she seldom favors me with a letter. Eric talks about you often, and sends his love. I am going to take him home to-day for a holiday. These rumors of war have scared me. God grant his regiment will not be ordered out. I cannot spare my boy !

Yours affectionately,
DORA MACMORRAN.

I remember now (reading these letters has brought a good many of the little things that happened then back to me), Eric came home dreadfully thin and pale ; his blue eyes were so dull—there was no light in them at all. We were kept from him for a day or two till he grew stronger. Gables sent a letter to the mater, saying how sorry she was about Chummy's illness. The mater never showed it to any of us ; she burned it straight away—only just laid her hand on Chummy's head, and said, " She sends her love." There was a hungry look that I didn't understand in my brother's eyes. I think I do understand now. Then Gables wrote again to Eric. Mater didn't want him to have the letter at first ; I advised her to give it to him. I couldn't imagine then what could excite him in Gables' letters !

February 21*st.*

MY DEAR ERIC :

So you are convalescent now and beg for further news of me. Poor Eric, I can scarcely imagine you ill ! I never even saw you with so much as a headache, and when you used to have the inevitable colds and coughs, it had no effect on your spirits, you used to run about and laugh and sing just the same ! and now you have been on your back all that time. What was it, dear ? How could you be so mentally worried at your age ! You've passed your " A and B " ; you told me so. Is it some other exam. that is worrying you ?

I must come back to England soon, I feel so in the dark here . . . Some of you are keeping something from me, I am sure, and I must know. Does your

THERE WAS A HUNGRY LOOK IN MY BROTHER'S EYES.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

mother think I do not read between the lines of her letters, and see that in a great measure she is blaming me? Oh, Chummy, what have I done to be blamed? How could I make you ill? Write soon and tell me all, and please say it is not true that you go to India in the autumn. It can't be true, Eric; it will be ghastly for your mother. Do you realize it? Your father growing feebler every day, and Algy at sea! Can't you exchange or something—but there, I know your heart is set on it, though it is hard for those who love you.

My guardian teased me to-day as we were walking home from church. (I always go to mass now—don't be shocked, my soldier-boy.) He said, "How would you like me to become a monk, Gabrielle?" I started as if I had been shot, and then looked at his mother. Would you believe it? she looked so proud and happy at the mere idea! when it means her son would leave her forever and ever! However, "Guardy" soon talked of other things.

I do not understand Catholics, though to my mind there are some things that are beautiful. My guardian gave me a prayer-book to-day, and wrote on the fly-leaf a well-known prayer for soldiers, and he said, "That will be said often, now!" For a moment I did not know what to say. What do you think, Eric, he actually believes I love you—I mean, am in love with you—like when people want to marry each other! I laughed so when he told me. And I told him how you would laugh, too, if you knew.

I then described you, and your blue eyes, and how your face changes when you smile, and then—don't be angry—I showed him your letters and your photograph. And when he gave them back to me this morning he said, so gravely, "Your friend is one of the best sort of men that live; when you write to him tell him I wish him good luck, and the pick of this world's good things, and better in the world to come." It's a curious message, but so, ah! so like him. Good-by all, my dear ones. Get well soon, Chummy, and tease the boys into writing to me. Phlops ought to write a good letter by now.

Ever and always yours,

BUNNY.

There was only one more of Gables' letters in the bundle, and it was sent out to India after Chummy had gone. It is very faint, and written on that horrid foreign paper. Looks to me as if Gables, as she wrote it, or Chummy, as he read it, indulged in a good cry. The ink is so blotted.

March 30th.

MY DEAR BIG BROTHER:

It is all over, and I am sitting down for the last time in my little room to write to my best and truest friend. God only knows how I have valued your friendship all my life. To-day I feel so stunned, I hardly know what to write. A moment ago I came up here and locked the door, and leaned against the wall, pressing my hands over my eyes to shut out the dismantled room. I tried to think I was back again in the school-room at the Rectory, tried hard to blot out these last five years from my memory, but tears would come—hot, blinding tears. It is all so different now; the sun has ceased to shine for your poor Bunny.

My boxes are all packed, and to-morrow I start for England, where your mother will meet me. Yes, I am going home—at last! Just now I unlocked one box, and dragged out the tin sword and battered photograph frame, and hung them on the otherwise bare walls. I wanted something to remind me of you.

I will write freely, because I am sure of my soldier-boy's love and affection; he will not desert me now or condemn me for my foolish regrets. A week after my twenty-first birthday, my guardian called me into his room, and as I entered, he came forward and took my burning hands in his—his were icy cold.

"Gabrielle," he said, "now that you are my ward no longer, I have sent for you to tell you of the great step I am

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"HE CAME FORWARD AND TOOK MY BURNING HANDS IN HIS."

going to take. Had not your father expressed so strong a wish that I should be your guardian when he heard of my father's death, I should have taken this step five years ago. At all events, these years have helped only to strengthen my vocation ; your affairs have been left perfectly straightforward, so will scarcely need my advice any more. To-morrow, I leave my mother forever, and join the monks at D——."

My heart seemed to leap into my throat, and, pulling my hands from his clasp, I leaned against a chair for support. I told him as calmly as I could that I wished him peace and happiness in his new life, and I thanked him for all his kindness to me, telling him of my intention to go to England, and then I ran upstairs and flung myself on my bed, and cried bitter, bitter tears. You see, dear, he never loved me, and he doesn't know to this day that I loved him. It is terrible to love like this. Thank God, I have an outlet to my feelings—I can write it all to you, who sympathize and understand.

When he left us, I was with him to the last, and laughed and joked all the way to the station. He tried to be solemn, but I made him laugh, though my own heart was breaking. His mother heard from him to-day, a letter in every word so like himself that the tears rushed to my eyes, and I turned to leave the room. Madame N—— ran after me and caught me in her arms and kissed me, whispering, "Pauvrette, I understand." I broke from her and went to the study, where in former days we so often sat together, and there I flung myself on the sofa and wore myself out with sobs—vain sobs ! Eric, I cannot suffer more. Some day, when God permits you to know the exquisite language of such love, you will understand;

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

till then, I can only wish you all the happiness that youth should have as its due. For me—I care not if I die to-morrow.

Ever yours,
GABRIELLE.

Just after that letter was written, Gables came home. The first night she was here, she ran all over the place from room to room with Chubby and myself. She laughed so merrily that we were all taken in by it, and thought her the happiest of happy girls, except that she looked so pale and tired, and sometimes would lay her head on her arms and burst into tears. She was always in the sunshine, and Seton used to follow her, carrying a stool about with him, and would suddenly plant it down in the ground, and say, "Gables, sit down, I command you." His voice is so like Eric's. He is the most like Eric of us all; perhaps that is why she loved him so.

But Gables fell ill, and was in a "regular decline," I heard the doctor say. And as the spring passed she became worse and worse. It was an awful time, because the war in India was at its height, and the mater was so anxious about Chummy. We wrote to him, of course, but never told him how ill Gables was. It would have made him so unhappy, you see, and it was quite unnecessary. But Gables died, and so we had to write. Mater did it, and sent Eric all the messages that our more than sister had left him. Then we laid her in the little cemetery. Chubby cried an awful lot. I didn't cry, I am too old for that, but I felt awfully choky, and I wrote Eric a long letter in the evening, and as I wrote I kept lifting up my head, listening—I almost expected to hear Gables in the corridor coming to send a message.

Some weeks later, the mater came to me one morning in my room, and drew my head on to her shoulder, and kissed me, oh, so earnestly—if you understand. I felt her hot tears on my cheeks, and I asked what it was, and she answered:

"Oh, Philip, let me cry, dear; my darling Eric, my bonnie bairn, is—dead!"

I couldn't believe it at first, it made me feel so queer, and my head swam round and round, but I pulled myself together—only just in time, for the mater fainted.

Later, she gave me Eric's desk and keys, and told me to destroy all the papers that I thought were of no value. When I told her of these letters, she gave me two to add to the bundle. Here they are, one from poor old Chummy's captain, and one from Eric himself, written on the eve of that fatal battle.

DEAR MRS. MACMORRAN:

How can I find words in which to condole with you in this terrible loss you have sustained in the death of your son? I have nothing to offer you as a consolation, save that he was one of the most respected soldiers at the front in this present dreadful time. Officers and men alike adored him. He was the heart of the regiment, and one of Her Majesty's bravest servants. When they brought him into camp yesterday morning, a silence fell on the groups of men, a silence more eloquent than tears.

You will, I am sure, forgive me for saying so little. I feel his loss so keenly that I am unfit to write.

I will send his papers and belongings by the next mail, and hope by then to be able to give you a fuller account of yesterday's ghastly work. He was conscious only for a few moments, and I wrote down word by word all that he said. Firstly he begged me to send his love to all at home, and to tell you he was in no actual pain, only a dull ache all over. Then he asked me to post on a letter that he had written the evening before the skirmish, and he fell back in my arms with the word "Gabrielle" on his lips . . . and so he died.

Forgive me, but I can say no more at present; it is all too vivid, too terrible.

Believe me, dear Mrs. Macmorran,
Yours sincerely,
HERBERT GREEN.

(Enclosure.)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

DARLING LITTLE MOTHER:

I am seated on an inverted tub, endeavoring my best to write a few short lines before nightfall, as we march some miles north of this to-morrow, and are certain to see some sharp fighting. One never knows what may happen—does one?—and so, in case I never see my dear ones again I must send a message now.

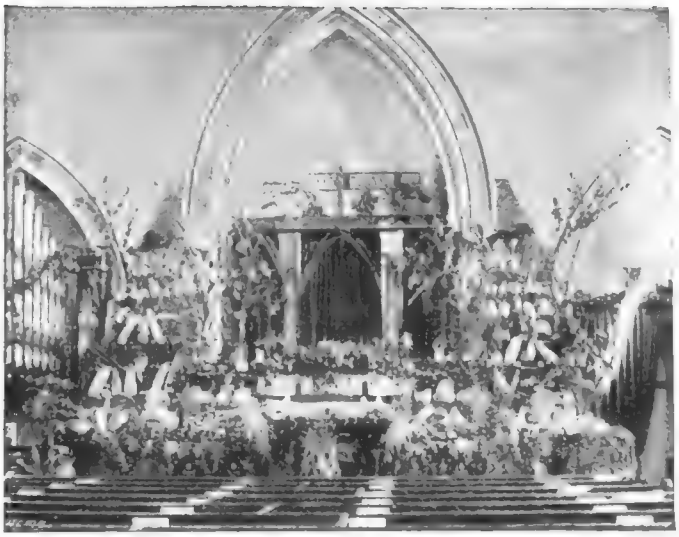
Tell the governor to "buck up" and get strong now that he has "Bunny" home again, and ask Phlops to look after my dogs, and take care of you and Chubby. Algy's all right; he wrote the other day, and seems to be getting on grandly. I am being called, so must only say one thing more—it is this: tell Gables I got her letter, and understand, and am more sorry than words can say. Oh, mother! mother! God only knows how dearly I have loved our Gabrielle, and she would never have understood. Somehow I feel to-night that she is near him—I—but I must go.

Good-by, dearest mother. Chummy's salaams to all.

Mater said something about Gabrielle's spirit having been near him at the time he wrote the letter—it must have been exactly the moment that she died. Of course, I don't pretend to understand such things—I'm only a boy—but it seems a fine idea, and perhaps when she died she realized how Eric had loved her, and her spirit followed him all through that last battle, and kept calling, calling him—so that he had to go.

"I AM SEATED ON AN INVERTED TUB, ENDEAVORING TO WRITE, AS WE MARCH TO-MORROW."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Novel Harvest Thanksgivings

By George A. Wade.

England has no public holiday set apart for thanksgiving and jubilation after the annual harvest. Nor is there, in that country, any counterpart to the official proclamation which each year our President and his Secretary of State put their heads together to write calling on the people to rejoice in gratitude for the year's prosperity. The good turkey in England belongs essentially to Christmas Day; pumpkin pie is an unknown dish.

However, each big farm has its harvest-home on the day when the last crops are gathered in, when a generous feast of beef and beer is served, usually on long trestle tables in the barn, and every parish church has its Thanksgiving service, not on any specified day of the week or Sunday, but generally close to the time of the harvest moon.

There are few religious festivals in English churches and chapels which give more pleasure to the worshippers, or are more eagerly looked forward to by old and young, than their annual harvest thanksgivings. The most fashionable congregation in the West-end of London, and the poorest worshipper at the little mission-room by the docks; the merchant who attends a church in the city, and the farm laborer who goes regularly twice a Sunday to the village chapel; the old grandfather with white hair, and the little child with merry, laughing eyes—all take a personal interest in the celebration of their own particular harvest thanksgiving, and in the decoration, more or less ornate, of their own place of worship.

The past quarter of a century may be set down as the time during which this autumn service has made especial growth and come by leaps and bounds, so to speak, to the forefront of thanksgivings. And the annual service of special thanksgiving is still gaining, rather than losing ground; so that some one Sabbath in September or October is selected by almost every congregation throughout the country to give effect to its feelings of gratitude and love to God for his bountiful gifts.

The decoration of the sanctuaries, however, in honor of this festival, and as a visible proof of gratitude, is very varied, and, in many places, very singularly developed. Of late years this decoration has much widened in its character and limits, and men have begun to recognize that there are other kinds of food for which there is need to express thanks, besides corn and fruit.

For many years these two, interspersed with floral tributes of the fields and gardens, formed the staple adornments of churches and chapels during the harvest festivals. But during the past half-dozen years they, important as they are on such

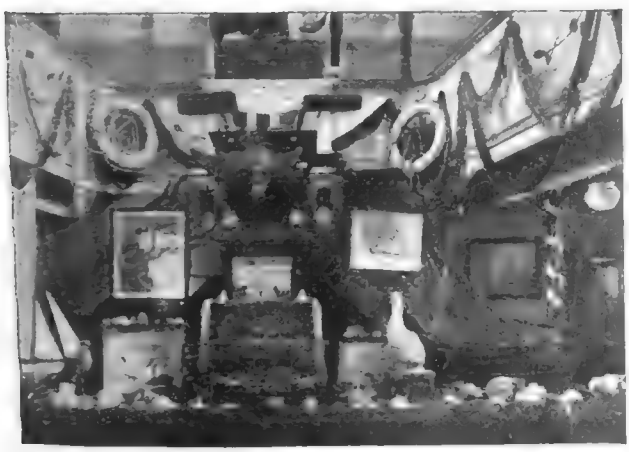
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

occasions, have had many worthy and certainly not less picturesque rivals in the scheme of decoration of places of worship.

Probably the palm, certainly for originality, and in many cases for the beautiful effect and design of these schemes of ornamentation of the sanctuary, must be awarded to the members of the Salvation Army. They are active, energetic workers, and their harvest festivals are as bright and cheery as one would have expected from such "Forward" Christians. One of the very finest of their designs for celebrating the harvest service, by bringing actual pictures of field-work before their members, is shown in the accompanying photograph of the decorations at Regent's Hall, Oxford Street, London, last year. It is, as will be at once guessed, a representation of the Army's Farm Colony at Hadleigh, showing the actual work of harvesting going on. In the very front of the scene will be noticed General Booth, on horseback, with two of his staff. The whole formed what may be termed a "living picture," which was effective in the most striking manner, as was seen both by the enthusiasm of the great congregation and by their liberality when the collection was taken for the benefit of the farm-work. The idea was conceived by an ordinary "soldier" of the Regent Street corps, and it was carried out under his direction with enthusiasm by his fellow-worshippers.

GENERAL BOOTH ON HIS MODEL FARM. HARVEST FESTIVAL DECORATION IN A PLACE OF WORSHIP OWNED BY THE SALVATION ARMY.

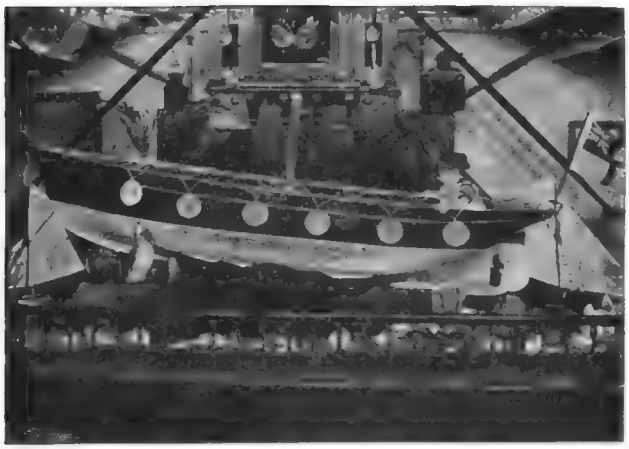
A charming design was the scheme of decoration carried out by the "Army" corps at Battersea Wharf during their last harvest festival. The central gangway of the orchestra-like platform was arranged so as to portray a suburban villa, or cottage, standing in its own ground, with gardens, rockeries, and ferneries around it. Then on each side of this, right across the hall, were arranged all kinds of fruits, flowers, plants, etc., on snow-white table-cloths, whilst from the roof were suspended hanging baskets of flowers, and the whole intervening space was more or less filled with pretty festoons of greenery or flowers, until the entire area at that end of the hall seemed simply one delightful vision of rustic beauty.



HARVEST FESTIVAL DECORATIONS IN A CHAPEL ATTENDED BY FISHERMEN.

Leaving the Salvation Army's decorative designs for a little while, though we shall mention one or two very attractive ones later, let us notice a particularly happy idea

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



DECORATION IN THANKSGIVING FOR THE HARVEST OF THE SEA.

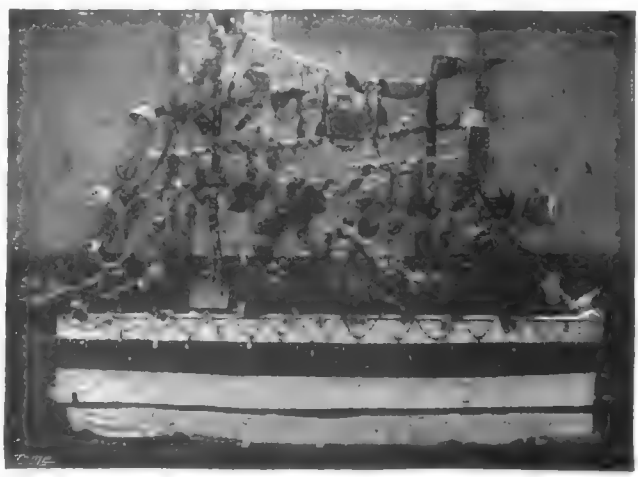
of the Wesleyan Methodist congregation worshipping at Bourne Street Chapel, Hastings, which was carried out last year. Here a "Festival of the Sea" was organized with appropriate decorations, and we may heartily commend this kind of service to other seaside towns.

In the space before the pulpit were placed large models of fishing-boats, yachts, life-boats, etc., whilst stuffed seabirds gazed down upon the strange scene from various points of vantage. Fishing-nets draped the front of the table, and hung over the gallery into the area below, whilst the space behind the minister was decorated by a fisherman's flag. Life-buoys, too, were prominent along the sides of the gallery-front, and altogether the display was as unique as it was striking.

Though such decorations as the above of places of worship for the harvest festivals are rare, yet there is more than one church belonging to the Church of England whose chief, if not only, adornment on such occasions is the vast quantities of eggs which kind and grateful members of the congregation bring in baskets and present next day to the poor.

It may not be generally known that these egg-services orginated in Kent, and were the outcome of an idea of the Rev. Percy Collins, Vicar of High Halden, near Ashford. Mr. Collins held the first egg-service as a "supplement" to the usual form of harvest festival, in the year 1889, and it is worthy of note that 200 eggs, brought by a parish of 600 people, were the first-fruits of what has now become a much wider annual offering throughout the country. Many churches, especially those belonging to the state church, have adopted this form of harvest thanksgiving, and no mean decoration do the baskets of pure, fresh-laid eggs make as they rest in the chancels of the churches. St. John's Mission Room, Streatham Hill, and the Rev. W. Carlile's church, in the City of London, hold what would probably be the records for the most successful egg-services. After the thanksgiving, most of the eggs go to the London hospitals.

A harvest thanksgiving scheme of decoration in a place of worship where the chief novelties consisted of toys is surely the most original yet devised, but when these toys take the form of showing a "Gos-



A MODEL GOSPEL-SHIP DECORATED WITH TOYS, USED AT A SALVATION ARMY THANKSGIVING SERVICE.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

pel-ship," fully rigged and manned, our wonder and admiration are even more excited. Such was the form, as shown in the accompanying photo, which was devised by the officers of the corps of the Salvation Army at the barracks in Upper Street, Islington, last harvest festival, and a striking picture indeed it made.

An imitation boat was built by the members of the corps and covered with canvas. It was named *The William Booth*, after the "General," for whom Islington has the highest regard. The chains and lines along its sides were represented by strings of heads of flowers, whilst small flags fluttered at various places, and the Army's well-known flag waved from its stern. Long lines of cords, from which depended all kinds of toys, such as lanterns, pictures, flags, guns, shell-boxes, etc., connected the mast-head with the stem and stern, and afforded an effective, if somewhat mixed, display of color. The inside of this notable vessel was manned by three officers of the corps, and from it on this occasion they conducted the service.

CHAPEL ADORNED WITH MILITARY EMBLEMS.

Some novel forms of harvest-home decorations for their chapels have originated, too, of late years, amongst the Primitive Methodists. In the West Riding of Yorkshire a favorite form of this is to make, in the space below and around the pulpit, a perfect model of a farmyard. The house and its outbuildings, the stockyard, the gardens and fields, are all clearly represented, and very fine indeed are some of the models thus made.

In some Lancashire chapels this representation of the actual harvest-field and its surroundings is made still more striking and real by the introduction of more than one living animal or bird well known in the farmyard. Some amount of interruption was caused, however, last autumn, at a North Lancashire chapel, by a cock thus introduced, which would persist in crowing whenever the congregation began to sing!

One form of decoration in a Northern chapel, a few years ago, took the shape of a model of Hawarden Castle and its gardens, and, though incongruous, perhaps, in a sanctuary, yet the whole was so perfectly imitated, and looked so pretty, that it drew forth much local admiration.

It may be conceded at once that "the press" is seldom brought into service to adorn any place of worship for a harvest thanksgiving service, yet this was done at Cambridge Heath, where, in front of the tables containing, on white cloths, the offerings of every kind of fruit and flowers given by the congregation, there were placed copies of the various religious publications issued from the Salvation Army's headquarters.

The real army militant of the English nation has more than once adorned its chapels with military emblems, and even with memorials of its officers, so that the Salvation Army at Blackfriars have some "precedent" for making the portraits of their captain and lieutenants and their band instruments a feature of their special harvest thanksgiving last year. Two cages of live birds also added to the novelty of the arrangement in this harvest festival.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

AN ELEPHANTINE FOOTBALL FINAL.

By William Duckworth, Jr.

There is at the present time making a tour of the world a team of elephant football players which still cherishes the hope that it may some day meet a rival team in the field.

The idea of attacking a half-back weighing four tons is sufficient to strike terror into the strongest heart, and Mr. Sanger, the manager of the team, finds it a task of some difficulty to muster a contingent of human beings to play against his champions.

Elephants, as a rule, suffer under the delusion that man is invulnerable; but those who figure in Mr. Sanger's team have been taught to treat the human anatomy with respect, and to play football like reasonable beings.

A salient feature about the team is that it weighs sixteen tons and is capable of exerting a pressure of about 500,000 pounds on one man. Consequently, in putting your name down as one of the opposing force, you devolve upon yourself a serious risk.

The team is limited, for the sake of the opposing humanity, to five elephants—by name, Palm, Ida, Jenny, Rose, and Tiny—all healthy specimens from the Burmese frontier. The last-named four are of the softer sex, and their ages, if I may make so bold as to reveal them, range from thirty-five to seventy-five years, which is, you will admit, a little beyond the time when enthusiasts take an active part in the great game of football.

THE TEAMS ARE PHOTOGRAPHED.

At the last game in which these monsters took part I was a witness. Both teams were grouped together for a preliminary snap-shot, to which it was thought reference would have to be made at the close of the game for purpose of identification; but, happily, the precaution proved unnecessary.

A shrill trumpeting heralded the appearance of the five monsters, who labored in funeral procession out of their dressing-room at the rear of the stage, and without the least uproariousness spread their portly persons about the "field." At the sound of the referee's whistle, Palm, the irreproachable, the irresistible, the immovable, having won the toss, commenced cannonading in his own inimitable style. Note in the photo the left wing preparing to receive a possible pass from the centre forward.

Palm is a marvellous athlete, considering he has been knocking about the world for seventy-five years.

Often in a fit of temper the team will become obstreperous, but never dangerous. Ida or Tiny will chase an opponent with the ball for the unholy fun of the thing, till the poor man drops from sheer exhaustion. In a particularly playful mood, Ida will quietly duck her massive head, and, momentarily poising the flabbergasted player on her trunk, will launch him gently out of the "field." The third photograph depicts Ida in this her favorite charge.

Before the team became fully qualified

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE KICK-OFF TAKES PLACE PUNCTUALLY.

each member had to undergo a severe course of training. For four weary months he received daily instruction in the elementary movements of the game. He was placed in a corner—a very large corner under the circumstances—and a number of keepers were told off to flourish the ball about before his very eyes. The elephants were then taught how to kick straight, pass, cover their opponents, and to charge like decent footballers. Tiny had special lessons in goal-keeping, and the weird gyrating and gesticulating performances that take place at every match testify to the fact that Mr. Sanger has not labored in vain. Extra feeding was essential at every practice by way of encouragement. As to food, the consumption at a military barracks on Christmas-day would compare favorably with the appetites of these mammals. Half a ton of food a day is a mere snatch. The five of them can obliterate a hay-stack in a week. An after-meal refresher for one elephant is generally fifteen large stable buckets; a particularly dry throat would mean twenty-five to thirty buckets.

Periodical changes of diet were given in the early stages of training, and all superfluous flesh sweated out by vigorous exercise. Since the team played its first match ten months ago, the diet has been limited to hay, corn, bran, bread crusts, and water, with whiskey—their favorite tonic—occasionally mixed. But the team believe in the glorious doctrine of consuming all that they can lay trunk on.

Moreover, their digestive organs do not suffer from the incursions of foreign bodies, such as bricks, umbrellas, pieces of chairs, tables, and what not.

Before now, Ida and Tiny have swallowed the boots belonging to some of the opposing team, and left them to walk home in their socks.

Once a whole change of new clothes, including a valuable watch, found their way down Tiny's throat, leaving the late proprietor thereof to seek privacy in a barrel; and a ravenous appetite has led them to undo one another's ankle chains and steal out from the stable in search of food, carrying the iron links in their trunks so as not to make a noise.

One of the many admirable traits in the elephantine character is the cast-iron dis-

IDA CHARGES AND GIVES THE OPPONENTS A FREE KICK.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

like of being "sat on," to use an expressive colloquialism. For instance, if Palm or Rose or one of their mates cannot extract a loaf from the bread-pan, he or she will, rather than submit to the humiliation of the thing, swallow the whole concern, and trust to Providence to spare him or her from a well-earned attack of nightmare.

A FINE SHOT RESULTS IN A GOAL.

But this is wandering from the subject. Let us imagine the game is in full swing. The penalty kick as practised by Palm dissolves itself into nothing else but a wilful attempt to murder the goal-keeper. Particularly was this the case in the match I was privileged to view. Soon after Ida had fouled an opponent by caressing him a little too fondly with her trunk, it was alleged (I say this "advisedly") that the clown on the left wing tried to trip the four-ton half-back within five paces of the goal. This, of course, involved a penalty kick, which was duly intrusted to Palm. The four-ton half-back hesitated for a moment, like a man about to run amuck, and then, putting as much of his weight behind the ball as possible, scored the first goal of the match, in the way you will observe in the photo. I might mention that never before had the goal-keeper been struck with such a brilliant display of stars as dazzled him on that occasion, and it was some time before he could recall his encounter with them.

The professional eye would note that charging is Palm's strong point. Yet he doesn't try to obliterate you. He has a Gatling-gun-like way of repelling your attack without moving his position; a slight wriggle of his monstrous body as if it were charged with a sudden current of electricity, and his man is down like a ninepin.

The veriest tyro would see at once that it would require the most expert dribbler to pass Palm, or, in fact, any of his colleagues, despite the stringent rule of "hands," which prohibits the use of the trunk.

Also, as he can imagine, it is an impossibility to get a goal while Tiny's expansive anatomy spans the mouth. A tactful player may endeavor, therefore, to coax the custodian out into the open, and woe

PALM'S SPLENDID RUN.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

TINY TRIPS AN OPPONENT—

betide him if he does! The goal-keeper will probably enter into the full spirit of the thing and direct a sweeping attack on him, with her trunk lifting ball and opponent back over the cross-bar.

There is reason to believe that the elephants regard the referee as the same idiosyncratic conglomeration of evils as do many other footballers.

Palm remonstrates with an erring "knight of the whistle" in a striking manner. He lays his victim out on the ground by a dexterous twist of the trunk, and threatens him with uplifted foot, the pressure from which would pulverize him like a Nasmyth hammer.

However, these noble animals, inseparable to the death, like Dumas' Musketeers, are nothing if not versatile. They are ever ready to take on the rougher game, where handling the ball and tackling an opponent are both permissible. It is only natural that they should feel more at home with the rougher game. To see, as I have seen, a "scrum" between sixteen tons of elephants all on bended knee, and a struggling, panting mass of perspiring humans, is something to remember; but to be one of the men themselves in that stupendous jam, particularly at an "exciting moment," is something never to be forgotten.

Palm is unanimously looked upon as the champion kicker of the team. To him, therefore, is appointed the office of kicking the goal after a try has been scored.

Obviously, the opposing team is heavily handicapped as regards the "holding" of the elephant. It is as much as the whole human team in one solid combination can do even to catch hold of the ball while Palm is scouring the field with it in his upturned trunk. Ida's favorite delight is to tantalize her opponents by flourishing it under their very noses. It takes a remarkably bold and clever player to get the ball away from her.

The teams have a highly ingenious method of retiring from the field when the whistle blows for "time." Just to show that no ill-feeling has come between man and beast, the humans ascend to the somewhat barren plain of Palm's back, while the wounded or those incapacitated by loss of wind, and so forth, are carried

—AND SAVES A GOAL.

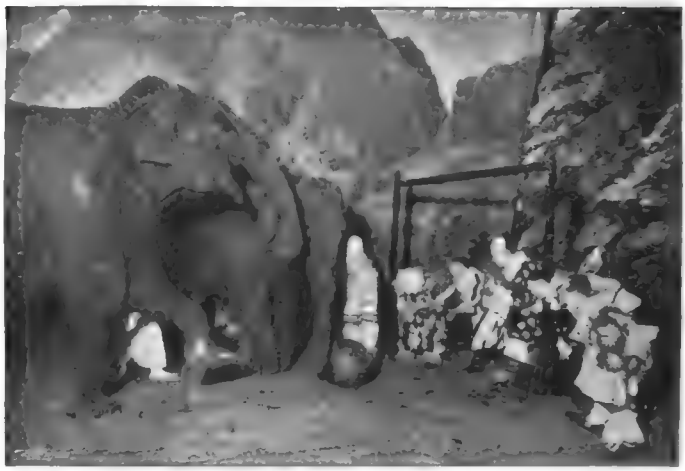
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

off in a sort of ambulance which the elephants make with their trunks.

At the close of the match the ever-victorious five (I say "ever-victorious" because they haven't suffered defeat yet, and they have played over fifty matches) are received in the dressing-room by a small army of keepers, by whom they are washed and brushed up before going home. As each one is "dressed" he is put aside to cool, for he has grown extremely hot during the game. As a matter of hard fact, Mr. Sanger told me seriously that when he feels chilly he stands with his back to Palm, just as though he were a blazing fire! That being the case, it might occur to the frivolous mind that it would be an excellent thing to grow an elephant in one's cellar, as a sort of heating apparatus for the entire house!

Not the least noticeable feature of this interesting football is the unqualified enjoyment of the monsters. They enter heart and soul into the game.

It is marvellous how rapidly they pick up the various niceties. The most expert professional is a baby compared with Palm when it comes to a neat trip. You can dodge most men, but you can't dodge that trunk. It just catches you when you think you are well past, and down you go. Of course, Palm looks sublimely innocent.

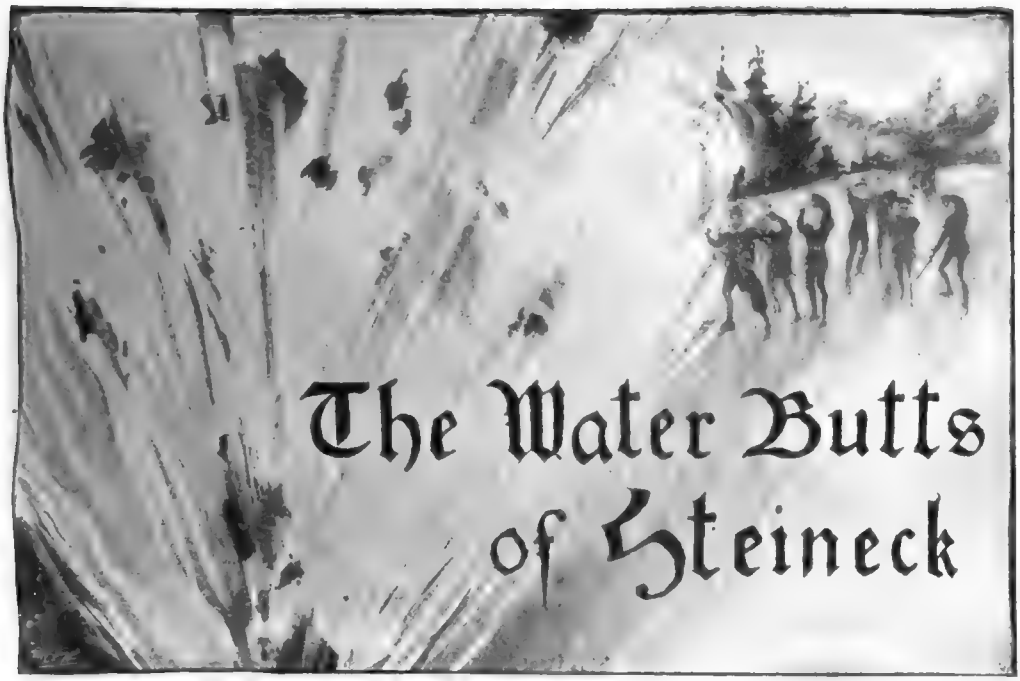


THE ELEPHANTS PRESS THE GAME HARD—

—AND JENNY PUTS IN A WARM EFFORT AT THE STROKE OF TIME.

THE TEAMS DEPART AMICABLY, TINY CARRYING OFF THE BADLY WOUNDED.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



By Kirby Draycott.

I

The time was about the beginning of those long wars which were waged promiscuously about Europe, and almost unceasingly in Middle Germany, soon after Martin Luther had, as the old historians say, hatched the egg that Erasmus laid, and produced that dragon of religious discord whose ragings are even yet not silent among us.

The town and castle of Steineck lay on a northern spur of the Hartz Mountains, looking towards Hildesheim, which at that time was ruled by the famous Bishop Hugo —that warrior priest who was just as stark a soldier in the field as he was a stubborn defender of the Church's rights in the consistory and the council-room.

The castle, as usual, stood on the highest point of the spur, with the tall, gabled houses clustering lovingly, as though for protection, about its feet. The whole spur was fortified at every available point; the walls and towers were in excellent repair, and well furnished with artillery, the best that there was in that transition period when the engines of ancient warfare still worked beside the new-fangled cannon, and men went out to battle armed, some of them, with crossbows and some with arquebuses.

Moreover, the town was provisioned for a good year, taking into account the simple requirements of the times, and there was no lack of water. This, it should be noted, was not drawn from the river which curved round the base of the spur about 500 yards from the outer walls, but from a secret source, the locality of which was only known to five persons in Steineck.

The chief of these was Count Rudolph, Lord of the Mark (or March), of Steineck. Bertha, his wife; Ritter Ludwig Golssen, warden of the castle; Ritter Franz von Oderau, captain of the garrison; and, lastly, Wilhelm von Osterode, cousin of the Countess Bertha, were also in the secret, and it is chiefly of this Wilhelm that the present story will be told.

The position of affairs was this: Steineck, commanding the approaches from the south to Hildesheim and Hanover, had been for the last three months closely besieged

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

by the forces of the Duke of Brandenburg, one of the Protestant lords. Just before the siege, Count Rudolph had managed to send a message to the Bishop, who was away with his army on a pilgrimage of grace, as he called it, in the country round Osnabruck, that he was able and willing to keep the Duke busy until such time as His Eminence should find it convenient to come to his relief.

There was only one way in which Steineck could be reduced, save by an army of overwhelming strength, such as Duke Albrecht of Brandenburg did not possess, and that was unknown to all save those few who, as every one thought, might be completely trusted.

But it was just in this particular that Count Rudolph made his great mistake, as the course of the story will show. It was quite true that as long as Steineck could keep its water supply uninterrupted it was virtually impregnable; but that once cut off by a hostile or treacherous hand, the strong walls, the artillery, and the stout hearts of the garrison would be as useless as the great stores of food which had been laid up against the siege.

Now, dwelling in the castle with the Count and Countess was Hilda von Steineck—a fair maiden of twenty, with eyes of morning and hair of sunset. She was Rudolph's younger sister, and heiress in her own right to as goodly a domain as the greediest suitor could long for. She had already pledged her troth, with her brother's full consent and approval, to Count Ernst von Stalberg, a young noble of the old faith, who had won no little distinction under the banner of the Bishop, and who might even now be marching with him to the release of Steineck.

Wilhelm von Osterode knew this perfectly well, but as he had loved Hilda from boyhood, and had sorely coveted that fair domain of hers ever since he had arrived at manhood, he had persisted in his suit even in despite of her manifest displeasure.

IN BODY TALL AND STRONG, IN FEATURES DARK AND WELL FAVORED.

When the present war had broken out he had by deliberate design got himself shut up in Steineck, partly because he longed to be near the lady of his love and partly because of a secret feeling that some day the chances of war might do him a good turn; and these chances he had never ceased to ponder on since the gates had been closed.

In person he was presentable enough; in body tall and strong and well proportioned, and in features dark and well favored enough in the eyes of one who did not look too closely.

That he loved the Lady Hilda honestly enough there was no reason to doubt. She herself did not doubt it; neither did Count Rudolph nor his wife; and had he only been her choice instead of this pestilent Ernst von Stalberg, he would have striven honestly to be a good and worthy husband to her.

After he had taken his last refusal from her lips—gently spoken and with tears in the soft eyes which maddened him, and yet said in such fashion that he could not but

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

AFTER HE HAD TAKEN HIS LAST REFUSAL FROM HER LIPS THE BASE SPIRIT OF TREACHERY ENTERED HIS SOUL.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

take it as irrevocable—the blood in his veins seemed to turn into venom, and the base spirit of treachery entered into his soul.

For a good five hours after he had parted from Lady Hilda he paced the round of the ramparts, ostensibly inspecting the sentries and seeing to the state of the defences. He had long talks with many of the sentries after they had come off duty, and with one of them longer than with any of the others. This man was named Piet Uhlmann, and he was not a landsman or native of the March of Steineck, but a mercenary from the South, one who cared not on which side he fought, and would willingly change sides for the prospect of another thaler a month.

In the morning, von Osterode took occasion to have some conversation with his cousin, and in the course of it managed adroitly to win from her all that she knew concerning the secret water supply upon which the town depended.

This she gave him in all innocence, as to one of her own kin and a loyal defender of the place, and when he left her what he had known before of it was supplemented with knowledge particular enough to take him straight to the hidden source.

The next night when the guards were relieved at four o'clock in the morning, Piet Uhlmann's post was found empty. A knotted rope was hanging over the wall in the shadow of a tower hard by, and when the alarm was given and the garrison called to arms, Wilhelm von Osterode was found to be missing too. The town and castle were searched for him in vain, and then there came into the heart of the Countess Bertha a deadly and shameful fear, and she went to her Lord and said: "Rudolph, I fear we are undone. This base cousin of mine has taken the secret of the water away with him, and he will sell it and us to the heretics. It was only yesterday that he was talking for over an hour with me about it, and I, alas, unsuspecting, added to his knowledge all mine."

"WEEP NOT, SWEET COUNTESS."

"And but a day before he had pressed his suit on Hilda, so she told me, and she refused it once and for all," said the Count sadly and sternly. "Well, there is no telling what man will do for the love of a woman, or what may come out of love when once it is turned into despair. He had changed his faith too, more than once, and he who changes faith may well change honor. How much better a thing war would be if it could only be kept clear of love! Yet weep not, sweet Countess; I will go and see to the storing up of the water while we have it, and no doubt we shall get enough to hold out till the Bishop comes."

* * * * *

After they had dropped safely from the walls, Wilhelm von Osterode and his companion in treachery and desertion struck upwards along the mountains to the river bank, to the southward of the town and away from the camp of the Duke.

When day broke, they found themselves in a narrow depression in the summit of a

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

flat-topped hill about a thousand feet higher than the spur on which Steineck stood. So far they had travelled nearly the whole way through the close standing pine-trees with which the hills were clothed, but here the path ended in a small clearing, and out of this, looking towards Steineck, you could see a rift in the forest walls, or rather a straight woodland in which the trees were younger and grew more sparsely.

Wilhelm at once began walking about the clearing, followed by Piet's wondering eyes. He crossed it in its greater and shorter lengths, examining the ground very carefully, and presently he came upon a little patch of green moss towards the upper end of the shallow valley. He stooped and tore some of this up hurriedly with his hands. It grew in soft, moist peat, and under this, at a depth of about a foot, were rough-hewn stones, which seemed a long time ago to have been cemented together with lime. He lay down at full length with his ear close to these stones, and then in a little while he got up, and setting his back to the stones, he walked down the valley over a little ridge which separated it from the slope beyond, and from this ridge he counted a hundred paces down the woodland. Then he stopped between two tall pine-trees that had been marked with an axe, and pointing to the ground, he said to Piet:

"Take thy dagger and dig here."

He set to with a will, and in less than half an hour he had cleared away a space of nearly a yard square, and had laid bare more stones like those in the valley. Both put their ears to these and heard the rush of water close under them.

"That is enough," said von Osterode. "Now we can go to the Duke with something worth telling him."

There was murder in both their hearts as they descended the hills towards the camp; but as each guessed the other's thoughts, both kept well on their guard till they had forded the river and come in sight of the Duke's sentries, and so they reached the camp with whole skins.

Von Osterode was well known by name to the Duke, so when he had received his message saying that he came from Steineck with information for his private ear, Brandenburg at once ordered that he should be brought to his tent.

There were few words wasted between them. The Duke was getting anxious about the Bishop's army, which must march to the relief of the town before many days were over. If the town still held out he would be forced to raise the siege, and might, perhaps, suffer defeat in the field as well. But with Steineck in his hands the tables would be turned; so they did not take long in coming to terms. For himself, Wilhelm asked for a thousand crowns in gold, the hand of the Lady Hilda and her estates, and for Piet a thousand silver thalers and permission to depart free when the town had fallen. And to these terms, as time pressed,

HE LAY DOWN AT FULL LENGTH.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the Duke had agreed with very little argument. Then von Osterode satisfied his hunger and thirst at the Duke's table, and within an hour had started off for the hills again with Piet and a strong company of sappers armed with shovels, picks, and crowbars, and carrying half a dozen kegs of powder.

II

Towards four o'clock that afternoon the anxious watchers on the walls and towers of Steineck heard a sound from the hills like a roll of distant thunder, and saw a puff of blue-white smoke rise out of the trees and drift away and lose itself in the clear air. A few minutes later, the stream that filled the great cistern under the castle walls ran dry, and so the first result of von Osterode's treachery had been brought about.

That afternoon the beleaguering forces drew closer round the city, and the Duke concentrated his batteries and forces on those points at which it would be easiest for the besieged to reach the river; for it was not now a matter of clothyard shafts and powder and shot; they had an ally in the town against which these were of no avail. If the Bishop did not come soon, Steineck must yield or go mad with thirst.

Count Rudolph quickly saw that the Duke had made his disposition so well that there was no hope of any messenger from the town getting through the besieging host and carrying a letter to the Bishop, telling him of the urgency of the strait to which the town was reduced.

Bitterly he regretted now that confident message which had told the Bishop that Steineck could hold out for water; but that was of no avail, and so, as he could send no envoy by land, he determined to do his best to send a message through the air.

That night, therefore, huge beacon fires blazed on all the topmost towers of Steineck, fires which could be seen for nearly a hundred miles across the level plain to the north.

For that night and two others after the fires blazed skyhigh, and when the fourth morning dawned clear and calm, giving promise of another burning day, the water was nearly done, and there were no signs of Bishop Hugo's army to be seen.

So Count Rudolph made up his mind that that night they must fight their way out to the river and get water, even at the price of blood, or the next day they must yield, conquered by an enemy which no human strength or valor could fight against.

The long, weary, burning hours passed as though each of them had been a day, and lips grew drier, and throats hotter, and tongues harder, and eyes began to look with the longing of madness on the broad bright sweep of the river as it wound away into the sunny distance across the plain. The last remains of the store of water, eked out as it had been with wine and beer, must be consumed by evening. The men had drunk nothing but beer and wine, so that the water might be saved for the women and children; but these also were nearly done now, and in another twelve hours there would not be a drop of drinkable liquid left in Steineck. Therefore Count Rudolph took counsel with the warden and the captain of the garrison, and decided on a midnight sortie to the river.

At sundown the fires were lighted as usual, and the weary hours of impatience wore on until the first stroke of twelve boomed out from the castle clock-tower. Then there suddenly went up a strange, hoarse cry from many parched throats on the towers and battlements. By the light of the fires, Count Rudolph saw men pointing out over the plain with hands and weapons. He was just about to give the order for the drawbridge to be lowered, but he told the warden to hold his men for a little, and ran up on to the northern wall, and there to his great joy and comfort he saw a long line of twinkling fires dotted along the plain to the northward, and extending completely round the rear of the Brandenburgers.

"May God and his holy saints be praised, it is the Bishop at last!" he cried in a clear voice as for a moment the agony of thirst left him. "We shall drink our fill before morning—and of something more than water."

Then he went down to the gate and told

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the captain and warden, and ordered the last rations of beer and wine to be served out to the troops. The men knew well that this was their last drink in life unless they could win their way to the water and hold it, and each one felt his heart leap for joy as the portcullis creaked up and the drawbridge rattled down.

All the rest of that night under the stars and the new-risen moon was fought as fierce a fight as any in the wars between Protestants and Catholics.

The men of Steineck fought their way to the river and held it with stubborn desperation, while water was carried in buckets and rolled in casks up to the town, and while the Bishop's army closed in on the rear and flanks of the Brandenburgers.

When morning dawned the Duke saw that his position was hopeless. Another twelve hours and he would have had the town and could have laughed at the Hildesheimers, but now he must either take their terms or see his army cut to pieces and crushed between the Bishop's forces and the walls of Steineck ; so the white flag fluttered above his defeated host, and by noon he was making terms with Count Rudolph.

Of these terms, which permitted him to retire to his own duchy under certain stringent conditions after payment of heavy ransom for himself and his principal knights, there is only one stipulation that concerns us here.

Both the Bishop and Count Rudolph utterly refused to make peace or give quarter unless Wilhelm von Osterode and his treacherous ally were given unconditionally into their hands. Both had tried desperately to save themselves by flight, but this, for their sins, was not to be, and so that afternoon they found themselves securely fettered, each in a separate dungeon under the castle wall.

There they remained, supplied with plenty of food but no water or other drinkable, till both fell into a terror at the thought that they were doomed to die of thirst and amidst the same torments to which they had condemned the people of Steineck.

After many hours, of which both had lost count, they were taken out of their cells and carried in their chains through the crowds of men, women, and children who came out into the streets to curse them and spit upon them, and so they were brought to the Town Hall. As they entered the justice room among their guards, von Osterode's heart sank within him as he saw, not only the Bishop and Count Rudolph sitting at the upper end, with the mayor and chief notary of the town, but also the stately figure of Ernst von Stalberg, and when their eyes met, he saw that there was to be no forgiveness for him.

They were stood up at the bar before the platform on which their judges sat, and the Bishop, looking as cold and stern as one of the effigies of the Counts of Steineck which stood round the walls, began to speak in a loud, harsh voice:

"Wilhelm von Osterode, Knight of the Holy Roman Empire," he said, "the double crime of apostasy and treachery has been proved against you by your own deeds. The first is enough to send you to the stake, and the second to the gallows. But you and this vile accomplice of yours have been guilty of even worse crimes than these, if that were possible. In cold blood, and for the satisfaction of your own greedy and selfish ends, you condemned thousands of brave men, tender women, and helpless little children to the agonies of thirst, so that their sufferings might force a loyal gentleman and a faithful son of that Church which you have deserted and falsely returned to to surrender the trust which God and the Church had given into his hands. Yet black and all as your iniquity is, the Countess Bertha, your cousin, whose kinship you disgrace, has found it in her gentle heart to plead for mercy for you, and this much we have promised her—that you shall be spared the torment of the stake and the disgrace of the rope."

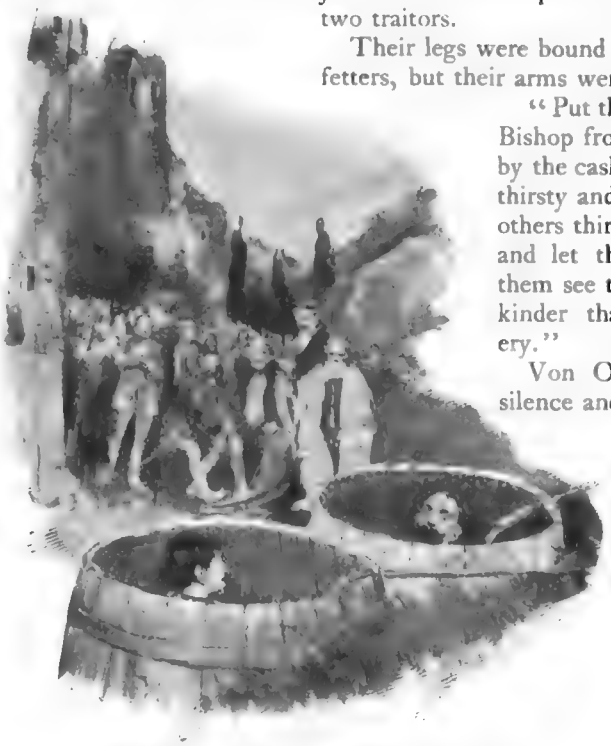
At this von Osterode heaved a deep sigh of relief; but there was a grim smile now on the face of the Bishop, and his next words dispelled all hope of life for the two traitors.

"Yet both your lives are forfeit by all the laws of God and man," he went on in a tone that was even harder and sterner

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

than before, "and you must die. Moreover, I have found a death for you which shall in some degree be in keeping with your crime. Now take them away to the chapel; they have an hour for repentance and absolution if they are found worthy of it."

An hour and a half. later, as the castle clock was striking three, they were brought out of the great gate and carried down towards the river on which, through their deed, the men and women and children of Steineck had gazed with such longing agony but a few days before. On their way through the streets, von Osterode had looked in vain for any sign of the Countess Bertha or Lady Hilda. They had, in fact, left the town that morning to recover themselves and the Countess's children from the fatigues and sufferings of the siege at one of Count Rudolph's country houses, situated in a pleasant valley some four hours journey up the river. It may easily be imagined, too, that neither of them had any desire to be in the town while the sentence of the Lord Bishop was being carried out.



THE WATER BEGAN TO FLOW INTO THE CASKS.

When the prisoners reached the river bank they beheld a somewhat strange sight. A space some ten yards square had been cut out of the bank nearest the town. The bottom of this space was a little lower than the level of the river, but a bank had been left to keep the water out of it. The floor of it sloped from one end of it to the other. In the higher end, two great casks had been sunk, and from the bank to each of these there was laid a leaden pipe. Beside each cask, too, lay an iron bowl or hand basin.

All round the space there were seats for the Bishop and Count Rudolph and the principal personages of the army of Hildesheim and the town of Steineck. All round, too, on the rising ground and on the walls of the town itself there were gathered thousands of people who had come to see the justice of the Bishop wrought out upon the two traitors.

Their legs were bound and loaded with fetters, but their arms were left free.

"Put them in," said the Bishop from his seat close by the casks. "They are thirsty and they have made others thirst. Put them in and let them drink. Let them see that our justice is kinder than their treachery."

Von Osterode kept his silence and his dignity, but Piet screamed and cursed and prayed alternately, as he was lifted up and dropped into his cask. Von Osterode was dropped into his at the same time, and they were stood facing each other. By standing bolt upright they could just see each other's eyes and the horror of them.

"Now, gentlemen," said the Bishop, with an ironical laugh—for His Eminence had dined well that day in the castle—"you who denied water to others shall have water in plenty and to spare for yourselves. Give them the basins and let the pipes run."

The ends of the pipes which pierced the bank just under the level of the river had been stopped with clay; this was now taken

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

out, and the water began to flow into the casks. Both now saw the end that was in store for them, and yet so strong are human appetites and so imperious the demands of nature, that no sooner did the water begin to run from the pipes than both took the basins that had been given to them, filled them with water, and drank greedily. Then those who watched saw the difference between the blood of these two traitors. He whose blood had been noble till the poison of disappointed love had turned it sour, when he had taken his drink from the basin flung it away from him, after which he crossed himself.

But Piet Uhlmann, when he heard the trickle of the water from the pipe and felt it gathering about his feet and rising inch by inch to his knees, seemed stricken with a stupor of terror. He could not believe that he was to be drowned here, standing in a cask with the dry ground within a few inches of his nose.

It was not possible. He had swum rivers before and had been swept away in currents and had been wellnigh drowned half a score of times. But this was all too different. His feet rested on firm ground, but they were so heavily fettered he could not lift either of them. His hands were free and he could grasp the edge of the cask, but not an inch could he raise his head above the utmost stretch of his neck and body, and that did not bring his nostrils quite level with the edge—and there was the gentle trickle of the water from the pipe beside him close to the ear, and slowly, like a ring of ice, it rose about him, soaking through his clothes to his skin.

The water rose to his waist, then to his breast, then to his armpits—and then he woke from his stupor with a yell of terror, and, turning, clapped the palm of his right hand against the pipe and stopped the water. Why had he not thought of this before? Von Osterode had not the wit to do it. He laughed and the onlookers laughed too. Then he remembered that though he might keep his hand there till his arm fell paralyzed, yet afterwards the pitiless water would begin to flow again.

He took his hand away.

So the water rose to his neck.

It had already risen to von Osterode's chin. He had thrown his head back to take one last breath of the sweet air of heaven, and then the water rose to his lips and his nostrils. They saw him fight it fiercely with his hands for a few moments in a last uncontrollable struggle of nature against death. Then he forced his hands down by his sides, the water rose to his eyes, bubbled for a little space, and then flowed out over the edge of the cask.

But the inevitable death took Piet differently. When the water reached his chin, he took the basin in both hands and flung the water out in great splashes, laboring fiercely and desperately till the tide of death had gone down to his breast again. Then he rested and forced his shoulder up against the pipe, so that the water came only in a little trickle, and seeing this, the Bishop sent a man-at-arms who pushed him away with the point of his halberd, saying with a laugh that the bystanders took up:

"Art tired Piet—tired as we were waiting for water in the city?"

The gibe set Piet cursing again and those about him laughing. The water crept up again, and again he fell to his hopeless task with the basin. He stopped the pipe with his hands once more, screaming for pity, but the soldier forced him away again with his weapon. Nearly a score of times the water rose to his lips and as often he drove it back a few inches with the basin, till at last his numbed and weary hands and arms refused their work and the basin slipped from his fingers and sank to his feet. He fought the slowly rising death with his hands, as von Osterode had done, but longer and more fiercely. But soon his upstretched face began to sway from side to side and sink back. The water bubbled about it and horrible sounds came from the cask. Then the sounds ceased and the bubbles vanished, and, as Ernst von Stalberg told his wife long after when the horror of the sight had been somewhat softened by time, all that could be seen was the calm water flowing over the edges of the casks with a man's head moving slowly about in the midst of each.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ANIMALS WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD.

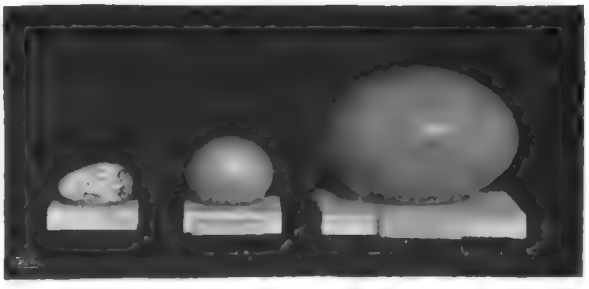
By Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S.

Illustrated from Photographs, by the Author.

To get at the true market value of most of the so-called "lower" orders of creation, one must consider the points of excellence or superiority of a given specimen over others of a similar race; the fact whether they have already or are about to become extinct; the difficulties and dangers connected with their breeding, capture, and transport, and, lastly, whether they are well known or new to science.

Taking these points as a basis on which to work, we shall find that not only are some animals, living or dead, worth enormous sums to-day, but that it may be said with truth, of a few of them at least, that they would be worth their weight in gold to any person fortunate enough to possess them.

A living specimen of the Dodo, for instance, that weird, flightless bird, about the size of a swan, which at one time made the islands of Madagascar, Rèunion, and Rodriguez its home, and of which nothing but a few skulls, still bearing the strong hooked beak, and some bones in our museums now remain, would fetch any price in reason. So would the Great Auk, which only fifty years ago was so common in the North Atlantic that it is said they were killed on Funk Island, off the Newfoundland coast, in tens of thousands at a time, for the sake of their feathers, but whose eggs sell to-day for close on $1,500 apiece, and stuffed skins at $1,250 each, with a steady demand for more.



EGGS OF THE GREAT AUK, THE OSTRICH, AND THE ÆPYORNIS.
A Great Auk's egg recently sold for $1,480.

If an Auk and Dodo syndicate were formed, with the certainty of becoming the happy possessors of a few of these rare birds in the flesh, it would prove a far more profitable venture than many a gold mine that one could name. The Great Auk was about the size of a goose, measuring 30 inches to 32 inches over all, and is said to have dived when attempts were made to capture it in the sea, instead of flapping along the surface of the water—in this respect very closely resembling its living relative, the Penguin.

Both the Dodo and the Great Auk have become extinct within comparatively recent years, like the Moas of New Zealand, enormous ostrich-like running birds, which are known to have existed up to the end of last century. Some of them exceeded 12 feet in height, and over twenty different species are known to scientists. Rumors occasionally arrive from that far-off land of living Moas; but year after year passes, and the priceless bird is not discovered in the flesh, only its bones, feathers, and egg-shells reaching us, all being quickly bought up for private or public collections.

The living Apteryx or Kiwi is very near the Moa in type, although but a pigmy beside the huge giant, for the largest does not exceed 3 feet in height, and it differs from the Moa in having an exceedingly long beak, with which it probes the soft earth at night-time in search of worms. Some of the Kiwis are valuable birds, too,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

SKELETON OF A MOA, THE EXTINCT WINGLESS BIRD OF NEW ZEALAND.

since the rarest living specimens are said to be worth $750 apiece in this quarter of the globe, for they are extremely difficult to bring home alive from such a great distance as New Zealand.

From this list of rare birds we must not omit the other one for which Madagascar was so celebrated, the Æpyornis, a monster bigger even than the Moa, the eggs of which, still constantly discovered by the natives, are worth at least $500 apiece. They measure 3 feet in circumference, with a liquid-carrying capacity of no less than two gallons.

Some few of the rarer living birds of to-day are worth large sums, the King Penguin being valued at $500 or more. So, too, the White-headed Buzzard of South America, from the Clifton collection, which, it is said, was purchased originally from a sailor for about fifty cents, but after the discovery, through this very photograph, that it was the first specimen ever seen alive in Europe, would have sold for a large sum, while even its skin after death realized nearly $100. We might mention also a pair of sober-tinted little Ducks, which the Curator of the Zoo at Rotterdam assured the writer he would not willingly exchange for a $5,000 Rhinoceros, as they were the last of their race. All these instances and others help to prove the saying that some birds, living or dead, are almost priceless to-day.

Among the beasts, what would not the huge Mammoth be worth? —that strange elephant-like creature whose body was covered with long reddish hairs to protect it from the bitter cold of Siberia, where its remains are still often found, with the hair yet on the body, fast frozen into its icy

A KIWI, THE WINGLESS BIRD OF NEW ZEALAND, STILL IN EXISTENCE, BUT BECOMING DAILY MORE RARE.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

grave; whose enormous tusks, far exceeding in size those of any Elephant, are still collected for the sake of their ivory, a shipload having been actually sold not very long ago. Mammoths must have been exceedingly numerous at one time, for from the quantity of tusks collected in Siberia alone it is estimated that quite 20,000 carcasses were discovered there in twenty years.

In a newspaper cutting now lying before the writer it is stated that there is still thought to be a chance of discovering the living Mammoth in those bitterly cold regions on either side of the Behring Sea, which separates Alaska from Siberia.

HAIRY-EARED RHINOCEROS.

Recently purchased for $6,250.

THE WHITE-HEADED BUZZARD.

This bird was originally sold by a sailor for 60 cents. After its death its skin was purchased for $100.

Fortunate indeed will be the person who first finds it and brings a specimen into any civilized part of the world, for its value would be something enormous. In connection with this subject, we must remember that the tendency nowadays is to increase the number of zoölogical collections of the world, rather than to let them fall off, for it is now at last realized that many of the animals are rapidly becoming exterminated, and that unless attempts are made to keep and breed them in captivity, future generations will only know what they were like from seeing paintings, photographs, and stuffed specimens.

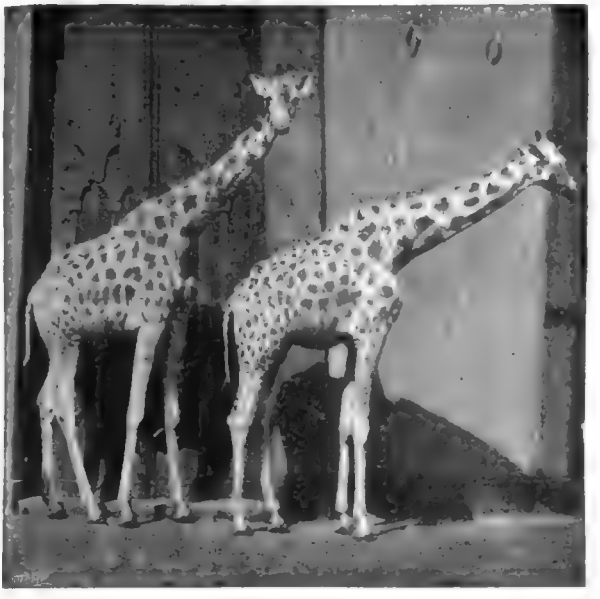
This being the case, great competition invariably takes place among the many zoölogical societies to secure, at all costs, any rare beast or bird which may be captured, thus tending to keep up and even increase the prices which, but for this keen competition, might fall off.

Look at the little hairy-eared Rhinoceros from Chittagong in Upper Burmah, for which no less than $6,250 was paid by the English Royal Zoölogical Society, the highest price ever paid by them for any animal, simply because in 1872 it was the first specimen ever discovered and taken alive to Europe. It is quite small, and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ugly looking even for a Rhinoceros; but now that the species is becoming more common the price has fallen off, and it is doubtful if a hairy-eared Rhinoceros would fetch a third of the money paid for the first specimen.

The Pigmy Hippopotamus of Liberia, too, is known to exist there, but for some unexplained reason, not a single specimen has ever been brought away alive, and, tiny as it is, being only about 30 inches high when full grown, it would be worth a very large sum to any person landing a living specimen in this country. Of the huge White Rhinoceros, too, with its double horns, the front one often exceeding four feet in height, not a single living specimen has ever been known out of Africa. Rumor, however, says that $5,000 each was paid to the lucky sportsman who carried three skins and skeletons of the White Rhinoceros to Europe. If one should suddenly appear, not only zoölogical societies in all parts of the world, but dealers and show-men as well, would tumble over each other in their hurry to possess it at any price.



TWO GIRAFFES.

Owing to their increasing rarity and to difficulties of transport and dangers of climate, Giraffes are worth $5,000 each to-day.

The third of the African rarities is, of course, the Quagga, an animal resembling the Zebra, but of a much heavier build, and with its stripes showing only on the head, neck, and withers, the remainder of the body being a light reddish tint, unstriped, excepting for a dark line down the spine, and with the under parts of the body and legs a creamy white. As recently as 1839 these animals existed in vast herds even so far south as Cape Colony, but owing to their rather heavy build and somewhat slow pace, they fell a prey first to the lions, then to the natives, and finally to the white men, who coveted their flesh and hides. Not a single specimen has been seen for nearly twenty years, although there still remains the slight chance of coming across a few survivors in the German and Portuguese territory of Southwest Africa.

Their skins and skeletons alone would be worth a very large sum, and a living specimen would create almost as much competition as that set up by the appearance of a White Rhinoceros. The Quaggas that one so often hears and reads about at the present time, are in reality the Burchell's Zebras, which are still fairly common, as they breed well in captivity, and north of the Zambesi are found in large herds.

Two more of the African mammalia are becoming extremely rare, the Elephant and the Hippopotamus. Probably the only African Elephant in Europe is now in the collection at Regent's Park, London, and would sell at auction for more than $5,000, while to prove the scarcity of the Hippos, no less than $2,500 was paid for an infant male born in the Zoölogical Gardens at Antwerp about three years ago. Even twenty years ago $10,000 was paid for the monster African elephant "Jumbo," who was killed in 1886 by an express train in Canada, as he attempted to rescue a dwarf ele-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

phant who had strayed on to the line and was in danger of being annihilated.

We must not leave the African continent without a reference to that rare animal the Giraffe, for although it is possible that, with the opening up of the country round Khartoum, it may become more common out of Africa, there is always the risk of transport to be considered. We have only to remember the death of the large male which was sent as a present from South Africa to Queen Victoria two years ago, which, after a very long and trying journey from the interior, died as he was being released from his travelling box in the Zoölogical Gardens, London. Its true market value was at least $7,500, so that when we price Giraffes at $5,000 each all round, we are not very wide of the mark. There is a demand for quite a dozen at this price among the dealers, show-men, and zoölogical societies of the world. With the American and European slaughter parties pouring in on every side of Africa, it can only be a question of years before all the larger game there will have become exterminated, and nothing can prove this better than the way in which the market value of the animals of the Dark Continent is advancing by leaps and bounds, until, ere long, the smaller societies will be quite unable to afford to purchase any more specimens for their collections.

Turning once more to Europe, we find that rare animal, the European Bison, heading the list of valuable creatures nearly extinct, for it exists only in Lithuania in Poland, where it enjoys the protection of the Russian Government, and in the Caucasus, in parts of Moldavia and in Wallachia. At one time it must have roamed in vast numbers through the wooded parts of all Europe, including Great Britain, but each year now sees the numbers falling off, and soon, like its fast disappearing relative in this country (the American Bison), it will be classed among the "have beens," for both species are doomed.

To many persons it may appear absurd to talk of the extermination of the larger "cats," yet this is an undoubted fact, and it is not too much to say that there are infants living to-day who will live to see the last of several of these handsome species, as it is impossible for most of them to exist where civilization encroaches upon their hunting-grounds.

Take the so-called Asiatic Lion, for instance, the ridiculously named "Maneless Lion" of the less up-to-date natural histories. It is a positive fact that the lions in Asia are now so nearly exterminated that the Rajahs in India, at least, are preserving them as carefully as pheasants and other game are preserved by us. The Shah of Persia also, it is said, is keeping a large number of them in enclosures as curiosities, although twenty years ago they were quite common in Persia, India, and other parts of Asia. It is strange that, unlike the Tiger, they have never been known in the Malayan region or east of the Bay of Bengal.

A EUROPEAN BISON.

The species is now nearly extinct, being found only in Lithuania in Poland and in the southern portion of Russia.

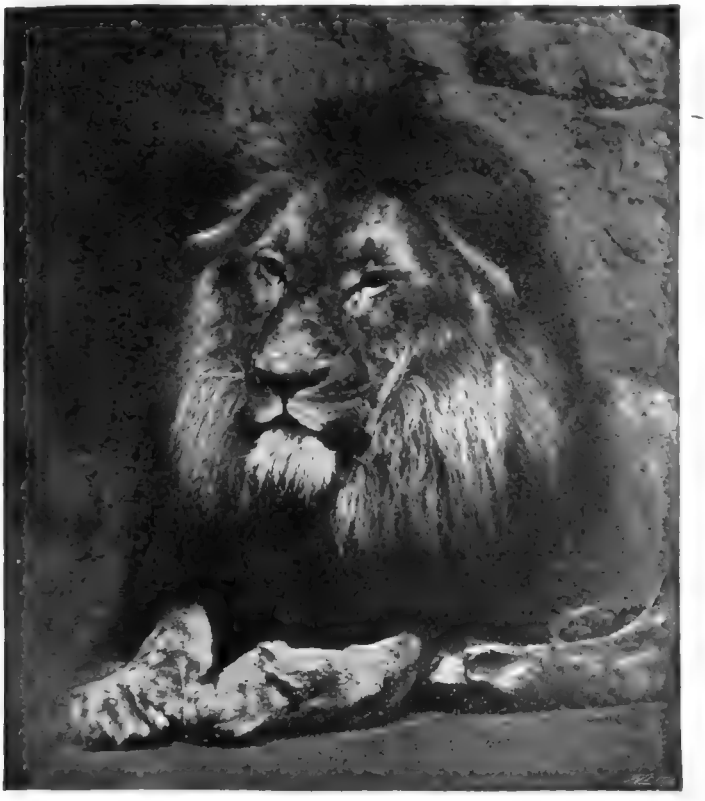
Lions from all parts of Africa are fast disappearing, too, as their market value shows, for

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Toby," from Somaliland, the last one to provoke any keen competition on account of his many grand points, was sold for the collection at Antwerp when in quite a raw and half-grown state, and even then $1,500 was paid for him. Doubtless if sold to-day he would fetch nearly double this sum, as he is quite the "record" lion of the century.

A similar amount was paid at Rotterdam lately for one of the huge Tigers from Siberia and other bleak, cold regions of Asia, who, from living amid such strange surroundings, have earned the name of "Snow Tigers," although, beyond a much longer coat and thicker tail, they in no way differ from the tigers of the hot, steaming jungles or the plains. Inasmuch as the specimen referred to has vastly improved since his arrival, he would now realize a much larger sum.

The Ounce, too, that mysterious gray-colored leopard, about which little or nothing is known at present, and for which, it is said, $1,500 was paid, is a creature the value of which depends not so much on its approaching extermination, as on the difficulty of its transport from a bitterly cold region of from six to twenty thousand feet above the sea level, in the mountains of Central Asia. It is not surprising that, however much care may be taken, none of them survive a change for very long, and are apt to die before the importer can get rid of them, thus saddling him with the heavy cost of their transport.



THE KING OF THE ANIMAL WORLD.
The value of a lion to-day is about $3,000.

Turning to the domesticated animals, it is chiefly among the Horses, Cattle, and Dogs that we find specimens of enormous value, although big prices are often paid for Poultry, Cats, Rabbits, or Guinea-pigs—$400, it is said, having been paid for a pair of the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

latter that had won a great many prizes at the large shows. Even Cats will find buyers at sums as large or larger than this, for $500 has before now been offered for long-haired specimens, while it is rumored

OUNCE, OR SNOW LEOPARD.

A creature of which as yet but little is known. The London Zoölogical Society paid $4,000 for the first specimen which reached Europe. It comes from the mountains of Central Asia.

that $250 was refused for the English short-haired tabby, Champion Xenophon, who has won prize after prize for his fortunate owner, Mr. Sam Woodiwiss.

In all these cases the same reason applies, viz., their points of excellence or superiority over other specimens of a similar race, either for exhibition or, what is often more valuable, breeding purposes. A good instance of what value for breeding purposes means is to be found in the race-horse "Galtee More," which was sold recently for $100,000.

Dogs and cattle, too, often change hands at enormous prices. With the latter it is sometimes the size that affects the sale, provided that other points are equally good. St. Bernards measuring nearly a yard at the shoulder have sold from $5,000 to $6,250, while collies have fetched an even higher figure. On the other hand, many of the "toys" are not only valued, but have actually been sold, at prices which were truly far above their weight in gold, for they weigh sometimes only two to four pounds, all told.

The Japanese spaniels or sleeve dogs are, at present, the most fashionable among the "toy" breeds to-day, and $1,500 has been offered and refused for the specimen whose portrait we give, as she is one of the smallest and best out of Japan, where they are bred chiefly by the aristocracy, and are consequently difficult to obtain.

Cattle are heard of now and again which have sold at $5,000, and thus the facts given show that all kinds of the domesticated animals occasionally realize quite as much as the rarer wild animals, or even those which are rapidly nearing extermination.

A JAPANESE SPANIEL.

$1,500 is said to have been offered and refused for this little dog. It is supposed to be the smallest and best out of Japan.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

MR. HALL CAINE

CONDUCTING A REHEARSAL.

"GOOD-MORNING."

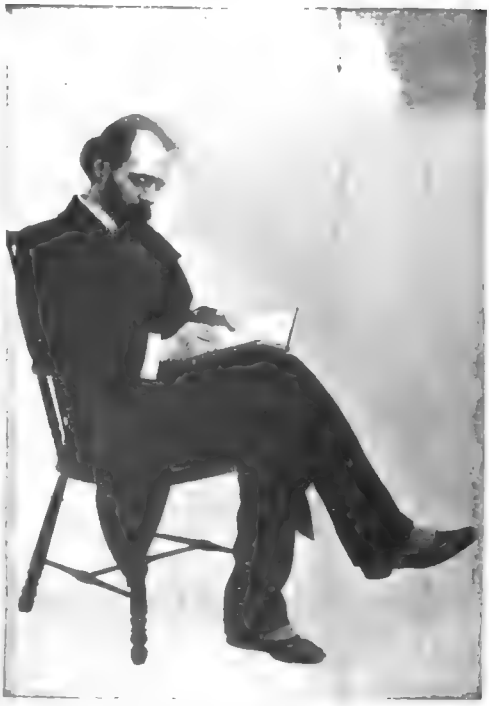
REHEARSAL BEGINS.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"STOP, PLEASE!"

"I DON'T THINK I SHOULD DO IT LIKE THAT."

"HOW SHOULD IT BE?"



A NEW "LINE" WANTED.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"LIKE THIS, PLEASE."

"MUCH BETTER."

"EXCELLENT."

"GOOD-BY."

From photographs specially taken by EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

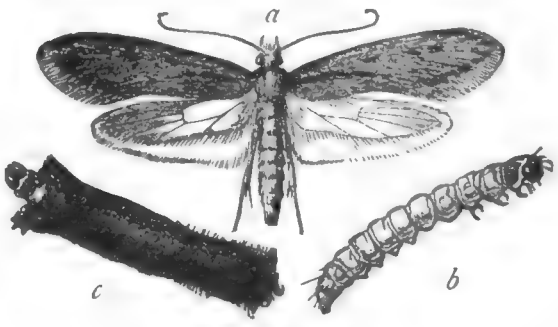
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

INSECTS THAT LIVE ON WOOL, FEATHERS, AND FUR.

By Eugene Wood.

GET a lot of people togetner on the first chill evening of autumn, and the acrid, pungent odor of moth-balls that fills the air proves how fierce is the battle the human race has to wage against one of its foes, a warfare conducted strictly on Chinese principles, routing our enemy with bad smells. It is a little too early in the history of the world to announce a victory for our side. Perhaps in a few thousand years from now the housekeeper may take out her furs and winter wraps from summer storage without a sinking heart, but as often as not nowadays she bewails the futility of cedar chests as she notes the winding tracks gnawed in the fabrics or pulls out the hair from the furs by the handful.

We say: "The moths have been eating them." As a matter of fact, the moths never eat anything. They do not know what the flavor of a nice, costly sealskin is, or a tender bit of blanket, unless their memory lasts over the great change that takes place when they cease to be greedy children and become adults and subject to the grand passion. Not even can they flit from flower to flower and sip honey. The reason is very simple: the explanation is a very long story indeed, several million years long. Poor little *Tinea pellionella* has no mouth. She has the rudiments of one, which prove that once upon a time there were mouths in the family. It is probable that the primitive Tineas left off eating because they found that it took up so much of their time and distracted their attention from what is, after all, the most interesting thing in life—falling in love.



THE CLOTHES MOTH.

Tinea pellionella: *a*, adult; *b*, larva; *c*, larva in case—enlarged (from Riley).

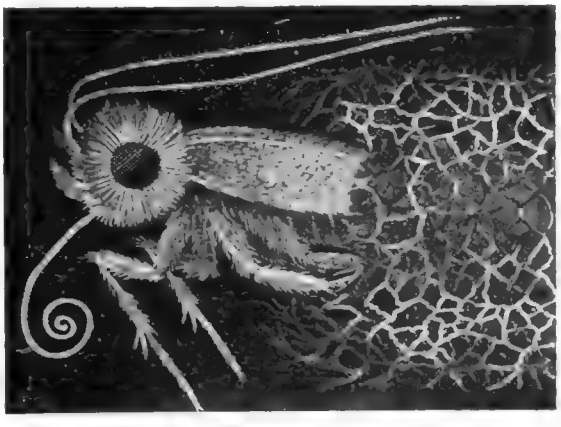
Reproduced by the courtesy of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Entomologists do not know exactly how many the moths have in a family. There may be one hundred or there may be six hundred eggs laid, but they are not laid in one bunch, and are not easily seen. It is large enough at any rate not to worry the poor mother, as she breathes her last, with fears that there will be no one to look after her little ones. If she cannot get into the box where the winter things are stored, she can at least lay her eggs near a crevice, confident that her children will know enough as soon as they come out of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the tiny eggs to creep through the crevice to where wool awaits them.

If mamma had no mouth, her little one has, depend upon it. She is a tiny thing, dull white in complexion, except where her head and her next joint protrude from her frock. (You can hardly call it her neck.) That part is a delicate nut-brown. It is not all modesty that makes her dress herself at once. The tube made out of what she feeds upon is at once a protection from injury and a place of concealment. She wears silken underclothing of her own spinning. All the Tineids do that, even those that roll up apple-tree leaves to live in. When she has gnawed all the goods within reach she wanders on a little farther, and by wanton burrowing makes as many gaps in the material as she does in satisfying her appetite. As she grows she cuts a slit in her frock and lets in a gusset, or triangular gore, of new material. A similar insertion is made on the other side, and then the creature reverses herself, end for end, and makes corresponding additions in the other half. The case is lengthened by adding to either end. By transferring her from time to time to different colored stuffs, the experimenter may give her as variegated a frock as he wishes, and one that illustrates her ideas of dressmaking.



THE RESURRECTION OF A CLOTHES MOTH.

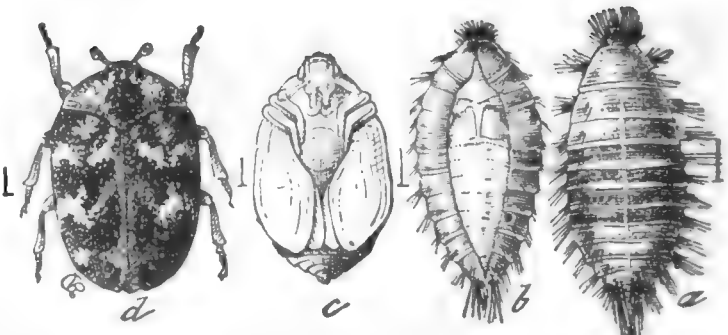
Like the most of us, while she is young and growing, the thoughts of the embryo moth are mostly on something to eat. Even if it does work sidewise, instead of up and down, she cannot forget that she has a mouth, and, if the housekeeper is shocked and horrified at the sight of the neat little round holes and wandering tracks cut in that beautiful black broadcloth, or of the furs once so sleek but now a mess of loose and dirty hairs, or of the carpet under the bed or the piano, where the servant's broom too seldom went, now piebald and mangy with the backing showing through where the pile has been gnawed off, let her console herself—if she can—with the thought that it is lucky for her that her tiny foe has no such appetite as the young of the Cecropia moth. They are big things, and have to eat four or five times their own weight of green stuff daily, so that they can attain the spread of a handspan from tip to tip when they mature. Their lives are only two weeks from egg to egg, and they have need to hurry, but the young clothes moth has a year before her, is scarcely the thickness of the lead of a lead-pencil, and not half an inch long, and her food is substantial and as condensed as hardtack. Still she eats a great deal more than is satisfactory.

But she must leave her happy home in the box of winter things and go out into the great world. The instinct of modesty is still strong within her, and she takes her frock with her, sometimes even climbing a fifteen-foot wall to attach herself to a quiet nook of the cornice. There she falls into a stupor that in a way corresponds to the awkward age in girls when they leave off being happy children and begin to be young ladies. Their senses leave them only enough to make them the most vexatious and unaccountable of beings, but the Tineids have arranged those things better. Their hobble-de-hoys, boys and girls, go to sleep for three weeks, and wake up with as much sense as they ever will have. In such a long nap one must turn a little bit, and they manage in so doing to wriggle a trifle out of the case, so that our young moth finds it no trick at all to creep forth,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

shake the wrinkles out of her pretty pale wings, and go in search of an eligible *parti*, just as her mother did before her.

A cousin of hers, *Tineola biselliella*, the webbing clothes moth of the Southern States, has two broods a year, and spins a silk-embowered path for itself wherever it goes. It is of an uniform ochre tint, and it has been reared in England successfully on a dainty diet of cobwebs. Its particular joy is to find out where there is a collection of the most expensive insects, and then to devour them utterly, thus satisfying its cannibalistic appetite.



THE BUFFALO MOTH.

Anthrenus scrophulariæ: *a*, larva, dorsal view; *b*, pupa within larval skin; *c*, pupa, ventral view; *d*, adult—all enlarged (from Riley).

Reproduced by the courtesy of the United States Department of Agriculture.

It is evident that, when all the living creatures passed before Adam to see what names he would give them, the young of these moths could not have been clothes-eaters, for the very simple reason that there were no clothes to eat. Our first parents had not even got as far as the fig-leaf costume.

What did the clothes moth originally do for a living? In the world every employment is greatly overcrowded, and a man has to turn his hand to what he can. When an animal dies, it is easy for Dame Nature to get rid of the flesh. There are no end of creatures only too glad to get the contract to take it away, even if the bacteria and carrion-flies were left out of the calculation. But the fur and the feathers, how about them? Dame Nature one day hung out a sign:

HELP WANTED.

EXPERIENCED Insect to remove fur.

The original clothes moth undertook the task. When man appeared on the scene, *Tinea pellionella* found the garbage heap outside his dwelling quite a Klondike, so mighty a hunter was he. It was, perhaps, an error to get into furs which had not been thrown away, but merely discarded for the summer; but how was the moth to know that it wasn't in the contract? As man progressed and found out how to weave cloth out of wool, *Tinea* kept pace with him, and now has as fine a taste in woollen stuffs as he.

That this moth has been long in the business is evident from the fact that the adult moth has no mouth. Also it is so set in its ways that though houses are nowadays equably warmed by steam in winter, it still takes a vacation then, and only begins work with warm weather. Not so with the so-called "buffalo moth." In warm houses it works all the year round. Carpets are its specialty, and it finds that the Northern States afford a fine field for its activities. They haven't got as far as polished floors in those States, and it gnaws along the cracks to its heart's content and the housewife's discontent. If it ruins other people's goods with impunity, it has a fine sense of economy itself. It moults frequently, and, not wishing to encourage wicked waste, eats up its own cast-off skin. It is not a pretty beast at all. Its larva is about half an inch long, with tufts of dark brown hair sticking out over it. It somehow looks like a buffalo, though it is not a moth, but a beetle, with its black, hard wing-case covered with tiny scales that give it a marbled look. Disturb it, and it tries to convey the impression that

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

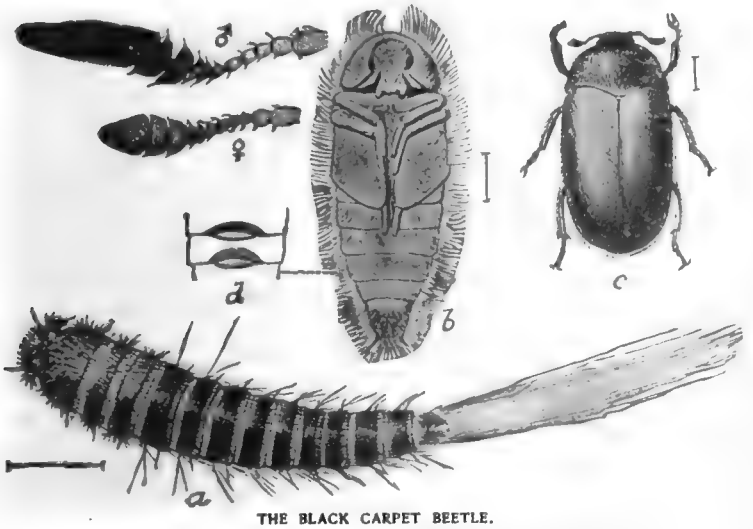
the nervous shock has been too much for its weak heart. It dies right then and there. But it is only "possuming." By and by, when it thinks you are not looking, off it flies into the garden, where it shows its respectable origin by sucking the honey from the spiræa, milfoil, and the different kinds of snapdragons. It, too, has a cousin in the business, whose larva has an ugly plume of black hairs on its tail. It eats carpets, too, but rather prefers feather-beds and pillows.

Do not think that because these gentry are, comparatively speaking, new to the trade they are easily to be discouraged. Far from it. The carpets must be taken up, thoroughly beaten, sprayed out-of-doors with benzine, and allowed to air for several hours. The rooms infested must be carefully cleaned, scalded with boiling water, and the cracks flooded with kerosene or benzine.

If the cracks in the floor are pretty wide, better fill them up with liquid plaster-of-paris. If the buffalo still persists, lay a damp cloth smoothly over the carpet and iron it with a hot iron. The steam kills the insects immediately beneath.

In the fight with the clothes moth the greatest chance of defeat is in trusting to the new-fangled wisdom that relies on cedar chests, camphor, tobacco, moth-balls, and chemists' devices. Noah's wife probably practised the policy of shaking, brushing, beating, and exposure to the sunlight and air, and in all these years it has not been improved upon much. Only so long as the disagreeable odor is in its prime freshness will the moth refrain from laying her eggs in the clothes so protected. But if the moth is shut up with the clothing and cannot get out, she will lay her eggs anyway, and they will hatch out, and the worms will fret the garments, and the garments will fret the housekeeper that put her trust in camphor. Dr. Howard, the entomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture, and a man that knows what he is talking about, says that the best way is to beat, brush, and sun the articles to be stored, put them into those large pasteboard boxes that tailors use to send home clothes in, and gum a strip of wrapping-paper around the edge so as to seal all up completely. The moth cannot get in to lay her eggs, and the wearer of the garments will not be plagued with the smell of the preservatives which is scarcely less an annoyance to him than to the moth.

Carriage linings are obviously at a disadvantage in the fight against moths. It is well to spray them with benzine in April, June, and August. Another plan is to sponge the linings carefully with corrosive sublimate dissolved in alcohol. Don't get it too strong, or it will leave a white stain. And whatever you do, don't taste it, for it is deadly poison. Indeed, it should be well remembered that war, though against insects, is still war, and waged with deadly weapons that do not discriminate between friend and foe.

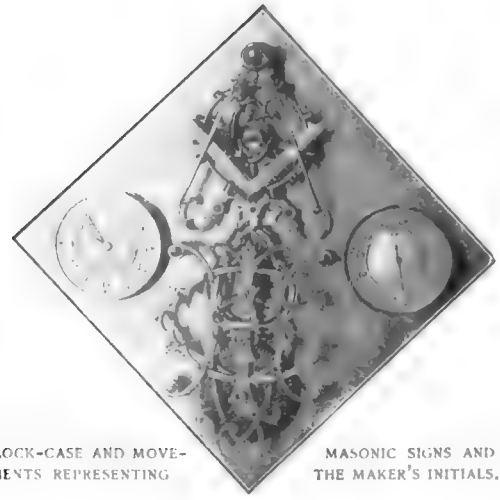


THE BLACK CARPET BEETLE.

Attagenus piceus: *a*, larva; *b*, pupa; *c*, adult; *d*, dorsal abdominal segments of pupa; above, at left, male and female antennæ—all enlarged (original).

Reproduced by the courtesy of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

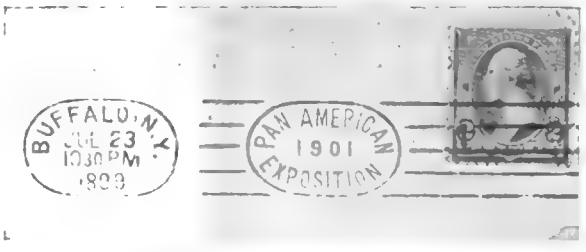


A CLOCK-CASE AND MOVEMENTS REPRESENTING MASONIC SIGNS AND THE MAKER'S INITIALS.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

UNCLE SAM IN THE ADVERTISING BUSINESS.

We reproduce here a photograph of a portion of a letter that recently went through the mails, and thousands like it are, no doubt, being daily despatched. The post-mark embodies an advertisement of the Pan-American Exposition of 1901. This is something new in the history of the Post-office Department, and the idea properly developed suggests a source of income to the government which should make it possible to carry letters at a much cheaper rate than the present two cents an ounce. If the public would object to the announcements of private advertisers being stamped on their stationery, they might at least tolerate a clever line drawing attention to the special attractions of the localities in which they reside, which would ultimately lead to increased prosperity, if not for themselves at least for some of their neighbors.



ADVERTISING THROUGH THE POST-OFFICE.

A MONSTER MODEL OF THE MOON.

There has recently been installed at the Field Columbian Museum, of Chicago, a model of the moon reproduced on an amazing scale. This model is 19.2 feet in diameter, each horizontal inch upon its surface representing about nine and one-half miles of the moon. All the details of the surface were worked out with great care by Thomas Dickert, under the direction of Dr. J. F. J. Schmidt, formerly of the observatory at Athens, Greece, and one of the foremost of authorities on the moon. Five years were occupied in the construction of the model. The vertical scale is made three times the horizontal, in order to bring out fully the features of relief. The model is in plaster, the different portions being colored as they appear to the eye on the moon itself. It is a hemisphere, since only one-half of the moon, or but little more than that, is ever

[We shall be glad to receive contributions to this series, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

seen from the earth. The model was constructed a number of years ago in Bonn, Germany, but has not been available to the public generally until its present installation was made possible by the generosity of Mr. Lewis Reese of Chicago.

THE BIGGEST MODEL OF THE MOON.

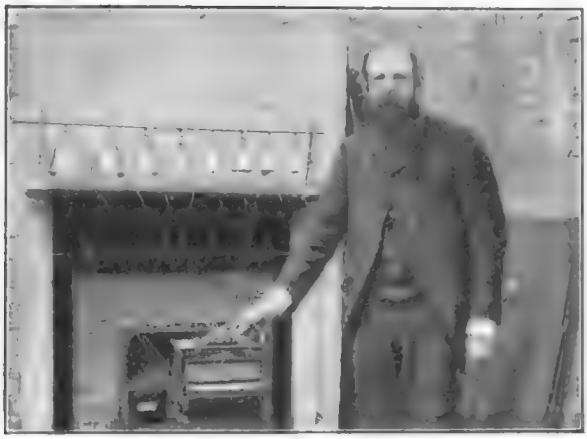
CHURCH BELLS RUNG BY ELECTRICITY.

The usual method of ringing church bells by hand represents a big waste of energy. Moreover, the bell-ringers lack precision, and in towns where the churches are numerous and close together the effect of one chime is spoiled by another, the general result being a tumult of sounds which, while not unmusical, gives more annoyance than pleasure. It is now suggested that all the church bells of a city should be rung from one centre by a trained musician, electricity being the means adopted. We give on the next page a photograph of a model of the instrument it is proposed to utilize. As the services at the majority of churches commence at the same hour, there is no reason why the same chimes should not ring out from their belfries, and, indeed, there is something charming about this idea of a one-voiced call to worship. However, it would be by no means necessary that all the church bells should be rung simultaneously, or if they were, that the chimes should be identical. The main idea is to save human labor on Sunday and to avoid the errors which are so frequent when bells are rung by hand. The key-board, upon which the operator would play as on a piano, is shown in the photograph. The inventor, Mr. E. R. Dale, of Salisbury, will make one of his first practical experiments in ringing the bells of a New York church by cable from London.

AN AUTOMATIC FISHING-ROD.

One Cook of Louisville, Kentucky, has invented an automatic fishing-rod—a reel which, when once set, will land the first fish that jerks the line, and simultaneously ring a bell to announce the fact, or will merely give the alarm and leave the rest to the fisherman. The advantage to the angler in charge of several rods is obvious, and even the man with a single rod will not find it a disadvantage to be able to take his mid-day nap without fear of losing a bite. It is a simple clockwork contrivance, the least jerk of the line releasing a ratchet and causing the reel to

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



CHURCH BELLS RUNG BY ELECTRICITY.

wind up automatically, at the same time ringing a bell. As our photograph shows, it may be attached to the ordinary rod, although the inventor has designed a special tripod, less likely to succumb to the struggles of the fish.

A RECORD IN MARRIAGES.

The happiest matrimonial gathering ever held recently convened at Auburn, Indiana, under the leadership of the Rev. W. L. Meese, President of the Meese Matrimonial Association, who has become known to fame as the "marrying parson," having married more couples than any other parson on earth. He has kept a careful record of the marriages, and has evidence to show that not one at which he has officiated has turned out unhappily. The Meese matrimonial meeting was unique in this age of conventions and reunions. A majority of the persons married by Mr. Meese responded to the appeal of the "marrying parson" to attend a grand reunion of what he calls the Meese Matrimonial Association. The photograph shows some of the couples present. Prominent speakers addressed the gathering, song services were held, matrimonial experiences given, and Mr. Meese was overwhelmed with praise and thanks from those he had made happy. After the meeting a special badge was presented to every person present.

AN AUTOMATIC FISHING-REEL—

—AND SPECIAL TRIPOD.

THE BIGGEST BLOCK OF MARBLE EVER QUARRIED.

From Marble Hill, Georgia, was recently shipped the largest single block of marble ever quarried in this country. It is 27 feet 2 inches long, by 4 feet 4 inches by 4 feet 3 inches, thus measuring 500 cubic feet. The quarrying of even such huge blocks of marble is a simple matter. A cutting machine is employed to cut a channel the entire length and depth of the block, thus sep-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

arating the back of the block from the face of the quarry. Holes are then drilled along the sides and bottom, reaching to the channel behind, and are filled with wedges and plugs that are driven in until the block is finally split from its bed.

A RECORD IN MARRIAGES.

A JAPANESE BICYCLE CLUB.

The most interesting bicycle club in the United States is the organization of the Japanese cyclists of New York. The Club goes by the name of Hinode Bicycle Club, Hinode meaning "Morning Sun" or "Dawn." The twenty-five members of the club include some of the most prominent Japanese gentlemen in the metropolis, among them being the Hon. S. Uchida, the Japanese consul, and several of his attachés.

These Oriental cyclists find a source of pardonable pride in their stringent regulations concerning conduct and the rigidity with which they are enforced. The club is famed among Greater New York's wheelmen for the model behavior of its members. They permit no smoking on the saddle and no drinking of intoxicants while on official meets. Neither are any useless disputes allowed with strangers unless authorized by the captain; but the latter stipulation seems almost unnecessary—a street fight participated in by Japanese is almost unimaginable.

THE BIGGEST BLOCK OF MARBLE EVER QUARRIED.

TO TURN NIGHT INTO DAY.

The extraordinary improvements which have recently been made in bicycle lamps makes it the more surprising that the locomotive headlight has been so long neglected, since nothing is more important than that the engineer should see as far ahead along the track as possible. The introduction of the Pyle National Electric Headlight promises to do away with one of the chief dangers that now attend railroad travelling by night. Obstacles

A JAPANESE BICYCLE CLUB IN NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

NIGHT TURNED INTO DAY.

on the track, broken bridges, other trains ahead, and all the unknown dangers that the darkness covers will in future be distinguishable in ample time to bring the train to a standstill before any damage is done. Our photograph is taken from the pilot of an engine looking forward. By counting the number of telegraph poles in sight some idea is gained of the great power of this new searchlight.

A BLIND PHYSICIAN.

Robert H. Babcock, A.M., M.D., is a blind physician in active practice of medicine in Chicago. He does not attempt surgery or other lines of work in which eyesight is absolutely indispensable, but confines himself to the duties of a physician; and therefore, although he has to overcome many obstacles, he is able by the help of an assistant to successfully carry on a large practice.

At the age of thirteen, through the careless handling of gunpowder his eyes were so injured by the explosion as to subsequently cost him his sight.

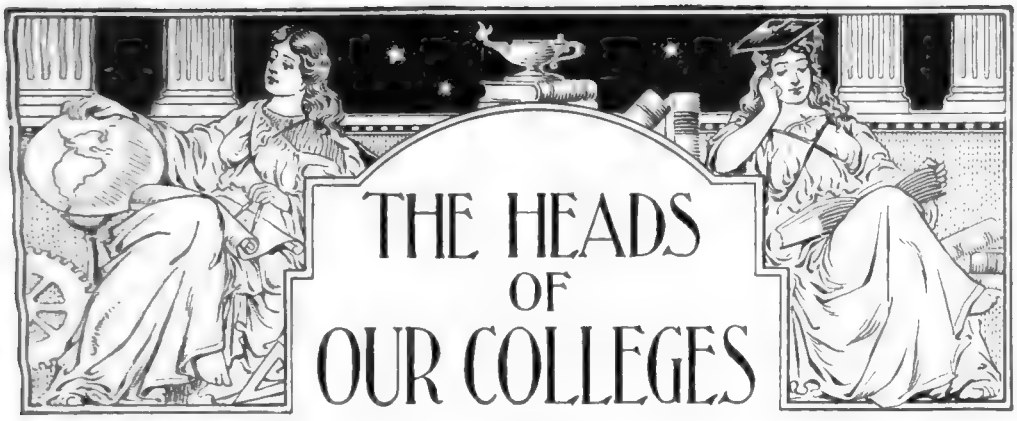
His parents sent him to school at the Institution for the Blind in Philadelphia, and he afterward went through the usual college course. Upon finishing his academic career he began to think about some profession, but met with discouragement on all hands. He had actually begun to read law when his thoughts were accidentally turned to the study of medicine, a field of usefulness which he had always longed to enter, but which had appeared to him not quite practicable. So soon, however, as he became convinced that there was something he could do in the medical way, he entered upon this new line of study with zeal and determination. He entered the Chicago Medical College, receiving his degree of M.D. in 1878. The next year was spent in attending lectures at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City, where he for the second time received a degree in medicine, being one of the ten honor men out of a class of nearly one hundred. He afterward studied medicine abroad.

He has often been asked how a man deprived of his sight could study medicine. To this the doctor replies that he merely listened to lectures, had medical books read to him, and did some dissecting.

Doctor Babcock is not the only blind man who has practised or is practising medicine, but he believes he was the first man who, being entirely sightless, undertook this field of work. In other cases blindness has attacked men already in practice.

A BLIND PHYSICIAN.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



THE HEADS OF OUR COLLEGES

NO. III.

EDGAR M. SMITH, D.D., PRESIDENT ILLINOIS WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, BLOOMINGTON, ILLS.
Number of students, 1,320.

L. H. BLANTON, PRESIDENT CENTRAL UNIVERSITY, RICHMOND, KY.
Number of students, 954.

DAVID H. COCHRAN, PH.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Number of students, 700.

P. B. BARRINGER, M.D., PRESIDENT UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.
Number of students, 600.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

JOHN H. RACE, M.A., PRESIDENT U. S. GRANT UNIVERSITY, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

Number of students, 612.

WILLIS G. HAWLEY, A.M., PRESIDENT WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY, SALEM, OREGON.

Number of students, 4,500.

WILLIAM DEWITT HYDE, D.D., PRESIDENT BOWDOIN COLLEGE, BRUNSWICK, ME.

Number of students, 379. College cheer: "B-o-w-d-o-i-n! Rah, rah, rah!"

J. L. BUCHANAN, A.M., LL.D., PRESIDENT ARKANSAS INDUSTRIAL UNIVERSITY, FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.

Number of students, 790.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

WILLIAM BAYARD CRAIG, A.M., LL.D., CHANCELLOR DRAKE UNIVERSITY, DES MOINES, IOWA.

Number of students, 1,100. College cheer: "Rah, rah, ree! Drake Varsity!"

H. M. MCCRACKEN, D.D., LL.D., CHANCELLOR NEW YORK UNIVERSITY, NEW YORK.

Number of students, 1,600. College cheer: "Rah, rah, rah! N. Y. U. Siss! Boom!! Ah!!!"

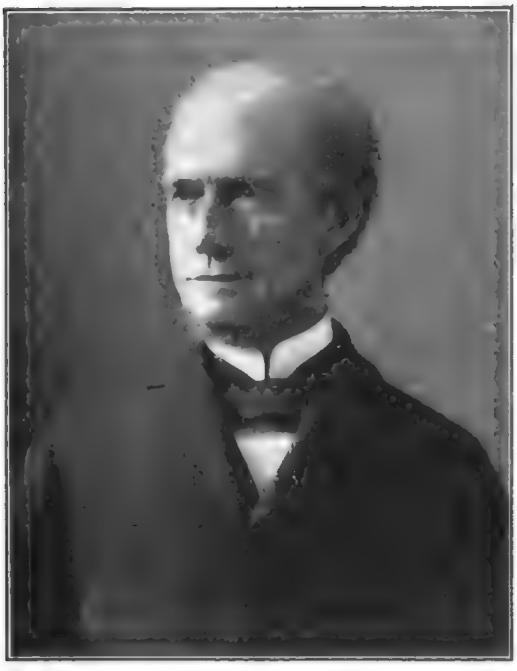
W. J. HOLLAND, PH D., LL D., PRESIDENT WESTERN UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, PITTSBURG, PA.

Number of students, 800. College cheer: "Alleghenee-genack-genack! Hooray! Wup!"

ELMER HEWITT CAPEN, D.D., PRESIDENT TUFTS COLLEGE, MEDFORD, MASS.

Number of students, 530. College cheer: "Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Tufts!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



L. CLARKE SEELYE, D.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT SMITH COLLEGE, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

Number of students, 1,070.

WILLIAM R. HARPER, PH.D., D.D., PRESIDENT UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, CHICAGO, ILLS.

Number of students, 2,500.

BENJAMIN F. CLARKE, A.M., SC.D., PRESIDENT BROWN UNIVERSITY, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Number of students, 900. College cheer: "Rah, rah, rah, rah! Brown!"

LEMUEL H. MURLIN, D.D., PRESIDENT BAKER UNIVERSITY, BALDWIN, KANS.

Number of students, 532. College cheer: "B. U.! Rah, rah, rah! B. U.! Rah, rah, rah! Baker take her! Rah, rah, rah!"

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE ART OF THE CAMERA.

By Roderick Grey.

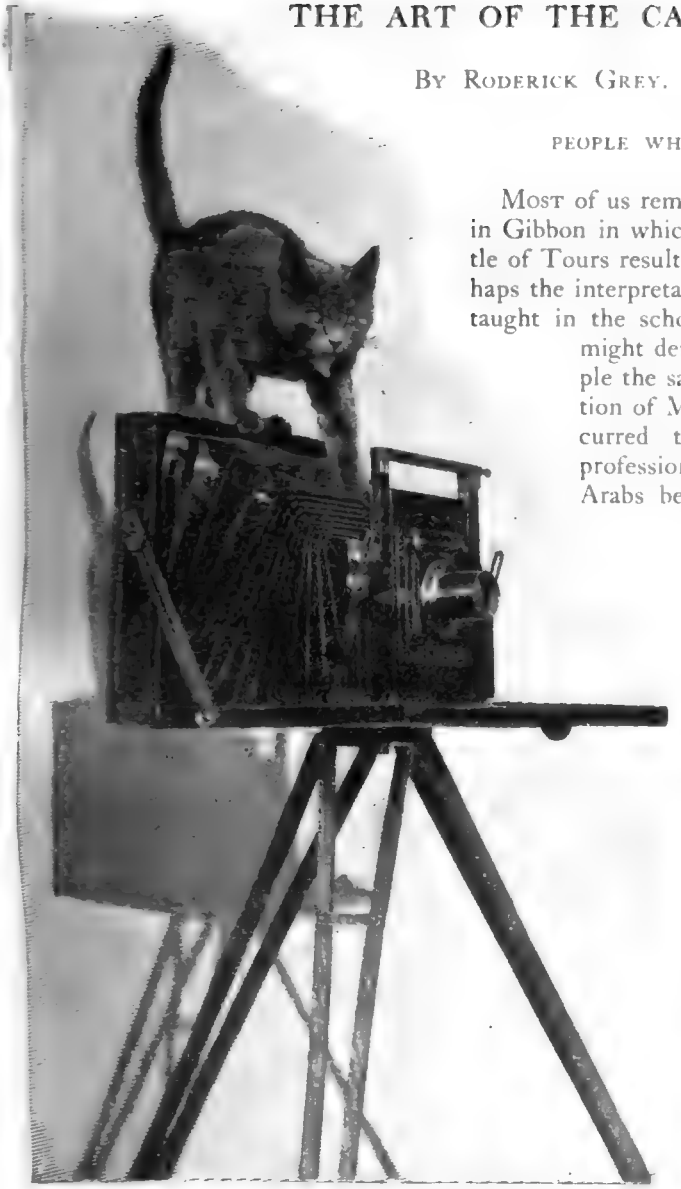


Photo by W. Bunnett.

PEOPLE WHO FEAR PHOTOGRAPHY.

Most of us remember that well-known passage in Gibbon in which he declares that had the battle of Tours resulted otherwise than it did, "perhaps the interpretation of the Koran would now be taught in the schools of Oxford, and her pulpits might demonstrate to a circumcised people the sanctity and truth of the Revelation of Mahomet." But has it ever occurred to photographers, amateur or professional, that had Abderame and his Arabs been successful in that decisive battle, the popular art and craft would most probably have been non-existent?

The Mussulman has a conscientious objection to portraiture in any form whatever, whether it be by the hand of the painter or by means of the camera.

The reason, of course, for this curious attitude may be found in the bitter antagonism which Islam has to idolatry. The icons and sacred pictures of the churches of Christendom have always aroused the indignation of Mahomedans on account of the reverence paid to them by the worshippers; and the objection to sacred pictures has extended to portraits of all kinds.

The camera had ever been looked upon with suspicion, and even with horror, by followers of the Prophet, and no truly devout Moslem would any more think of sitting for his photograph than he would of blaspheming the Prophet's name.

Undoubtedly there have been occasional lapses even on the part of Moslems of high position. One of the few notable exceptions that I can recall is the Sultan of Turkey, who has on one or two occasions allowed himself to be "taken." But this falling from grace is strongly condemned by many thousands of his Majesty's subjects.

Of course, to say that no Moslem ever allows himself to sit before a camera would be scarcely accurate, as there are here and there followers of Islam who hold the precepts of their faith very lightly, and do not hesitate for personal gain to ignore or ex-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Photo by T. Lee Syms.

THE NEW PETS.

plain away even distinct commands in the Koran. Such Moslems, however, are few and far between, and it is practically true that the camera is non-existent in the Mahomedan world.

Had the Arabs of Spain come off victorious in the battle of Tours, and continued their conquering march, Europe to-day would probably have been Mahomedan, and it is more than likely that photography as it exists would have been unknown. Not only would no encouragement have been given for its development, but it would have been condemned by the imams, nullahs, and other heads and exponents of the Faith sitting in places of honor in the capitals of Moslem Europe.

But the Moslems are not the only people who object to photography for superstitious or religious reasons. In the Islands of Linkkin, lying about midway between Japan and Formosa, the camera cannot be used. The natives, an intelligent and benevolent race, most strongly object to photography on the ground that the camera casts an evil spell over those who sit before it, which cannot be counteracted or neutralized by any known remedies. It is said that not more than two or three photographs have ever been taken in these islands, and I can quite believe it.

Travellers in the Dark Continent and in Tibet and China have also found the greatest difficulty in persuading the people to overcome their horror of the camera. These people have not the slightest doubt but that the weird-looking box standing upon three legs is an instrument quite as powerful as those which fell upon this earth and wrought such havoc in Mr. H. G. Wells' "The War of the Worlds."

The little hand camera is also equally feared, and the natives do not seem to be able to overcome their terror. When for a consideration they can be induced to sit for a photograph, they tremble and shiver all over, until the operator feels that it will be a charity on his part to release the poor wretches from their position.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

PHOTOGRAPHY IN NEWSPAPER WORK.

Most people have at least a rudimentary idea of how a paper is printed. They may have the haziest notion of what a modern printing machine can do. A press into which is fed an unbroken strip, perhaps a mile long, of white paper, and from out of which drops a newspaper ready printed, cut and folded, is a thing that must be seen to be quite believed. It may be a press with two rolls unwinding into it, with the result that a paper drops out ready printed, cut, bound in a cover printed in colors, and stitched with wire.

All this is not understood and not realized by the many who buy and read the modern papers. But at least they have a dim sort of idea that the beginning of everything has something to do with type. They have heard of compositors, but are doubtful of their exact business in a printing establishment.

Well, the compositor is the beginning of the whole process—at least he usually is. His part it is to pick up the little leaden letters, collectively known as type, and build up words and sentences, and articles, from which the paper is subsequently printed.

I said just now that the compositor is usually at the beginning of all things printed.

He it is who reads writing that the ordinary man would puzzle over in vain. The little a compositor cannot read is in the fullest sense of the word illegible.

Occasionally the compositor misreads, and when he does, it as often as not appears as if he had selected a peculiarly plain written word. Still he is a patient and long-suffering mortal, whose existence, however, is being vigorously assailed by the introduction of type-setting machines.

These are marvellous examples of the ingenuity of man. Really, the linotype is quite human in its movements. A man plays on a keyboard like that of a typewriter, and the machine does the rest—does it as if it were armed with hands and a brain.

It has been a sad blow to "comps," the advent of the type-setting machine. I suppose the latter will gradually become more and more used for daily papers and such like. In illustrated papers the "comp" has, however, congratulated himself that he is, to all intents and purposes, indispensable. That's never an overwise conclusion to come to about yourself. It so very often happens that you are not indispensable.

In Brussels, the other day, some "comps" realized the truth of this. They made another unpleasant discovery at the same time, and that was that type-setting machines were not the only enemies to their existence which they had.

The "comps" of a paper went on strike, and, I have no doubt, timed the strike for the most inconvenient hour they could select. The paper had to come out—sixteen pages of it—and there was no one to do it. Those "comps" smiled.

Then, behold a brilliant idea, and photography came to the rescue of the proprietors and the rout of the strikers! The necessary letter-press to accompany the illustrations was type-written off on a typewriter.

The type-written pages were then reproduced photo-mechanically after the manner in which the pictures are reproduced in this magazine, and from this solid and reliable form the paper was printed. It was a triumph for photography in rather an unexpected quarter.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SPECIALISTS.

One of the greatest charms of photography is undoubtedly its versatility, if one may say so, for it certainly does not limit one to any particular subject or class of work. Yet the most successful workers in photography will be found to confine their attention to one particular subject, just as in the major world of painting we find one artist who is known as a marine, another as a figure, and another as a landscape painter, and so on. Whilst this specialization is undoubtedly the very best thing that can happen in painting, it must

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

of necessity mean that directly the artist goes outside his own particular subject he is apt to produce work which is neither correct in drawing nor successful in color. In photography, however, there is no possibility of false drawing, and color we have nothing to do with. Nevertheless in photography the specialist who forsakes his own particular style may not produce quite as successful a picture, from the artistic point of view, as he would have in his own particular line.

Specialization has led to the formation of certain schools in photography, but unfortunately the use of the camera is now so easy that a servile imitation is too often to be met with. For instance, a few years ago some one discovered that he could make a successful picture by utilizing the whole of his print for his landscape, with the exception of about an inch of sky at the top. Next year there was a host of imitators of this particular style. Then some one else happily discovered that if he used a big sheet of paper and printed from a landscape negative on one half, and from a sky negative on the other, he would improve matters. He did so, and with the result that we have unstinted half and half pictures.

Then, again, some one discovers that a foggy day in November, with trees dripping with damp, and sodden leaves squelching under foot, may make a picture, and that the squares or streets of New York also lend themselves to pictorial treatment under similar conditions. The result is that our exhibition walls are hung with fog effects, till one wonders almost whether the sun ever shone. At the same time, of course, there are many excellent workers who always give us sunshine, or at least eschew the fogs, both artificial and real, which the sad and sombre school always seem to live and revel in.

PORTRAITURE.

In portraiture and figure studies there is, of course, enormous scope for the photographer's artistic talents to come into play; and, provided he has a good model, he may turn out as successful a work as a portrait painter himself. A great deal depends upon the model. Without a good and willing one, who can thoroughly enter into the spirit of the thing, the result is bound to be a failure, because the camera can but record that which is presented to it. Herein the artist of the brush has such an advantage, for he paints rather the sum of varying expressions which he has seen on his sitter's face, than one particular expression, and thus obtains a much happier result.

I have already spoken of the facility of camera production, but it must not be understood from this that the best work can be turned out haphazard by the novice who has not possessed his camera more than a month or two. The fact that photography is within the reach of any one who can press the button, and that even the crudest productions have some pretensions to be called pictorial, has made the amateur photographer a typical figure, not only on the stage but also in the comic papers. Yet to achieve success, to obtain mastery over the tools and appliances which are now so lavishly placed at the disposal of amateurs, there is a considerable amount of real hard work required.

What is wanted at the present time in photography is cultivation of taste, both by reading, by visiting of picture galleries, and by careful study of means employed by the old masters to obtain their effects. Of course, it may be said that to go to the painter for inspiration is by no means easy, because he employs color, whereas photography does not give us this. This is quite true, but the old masters employed a certain system of composition, a definite arrangement of light and shade irrespective of color. It is just this that the photographer at the present time must be able to grasp and put into his picture before he can hope to produce a result which will strike the average onlooker, and carry the lesson intended by the photographer to his mind.

Photography is, as a rule, but a hobby, and, therefore, it may seem absurd to take it up seriously and devote time to it, to make a study of it. Yet what is worth

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Photo by W. and D. Downey.

A TYPE OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

doing at all is worth doing well, and it is only by this careful and systematic work, by the cultivation of the higher tastes, that the top of the tree can be gained.

And above all things, the suppression of all but the absolutely best is a *sine qua non*. The man who walks out with his camera loaded with material sufficient for fifty or one hundred exposures, and comes back with every one exposed, and then exhibits proudly his one hundred prints, whether good, bad, or indifferent, is not the man to make a successful photographer. The patient man who is content to go out with his camera, and wait hours for a particular effect; who will, if necessary, go again and again to the same place, until he has obtained just what he wants; who, even then, sees that it might be possible to still further improve his picture—that is the man who will turn out the best results.

It is quite immaterial what the subject may be, for the chief object should be to obtain a really artistic result, not a haphazard, commonplace photograph. Every photograph should convey to the observer something more than the bare fact that it is a photograph. As one advances in photography it is possible to put into the results obtained one's individuality, to impress the lifeless picture with some of the subtlety of the individual mind.

FISHER FOLK.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

POPULAR BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

A CAREFUL canvass of the leading booksellers results in the compilation of the following list of books that have proved themselves most popular during the past month, as judged by the number of copies sold:

TITLE	AUTHOR	PUBLISHERS
Richard Carvel,	Winston Churchill	(The Macmillan Co., $1.50).
David Harum,	Edward Noyes Westcott	(D. Appleton & Co., $1.50).
When Knighthood Was in Flower,	Edward Caskoden .	(Bowen, Merrill & Co., $1.50).
The Market Place,	Harold Frederic	(Frederick A. Stokes Co., $1.50).
Mr. Dooley in Peace and War,	F. P. Dunne	(Small, Maynard & Co., $1.25).
Concerning Isabel Carnaby,	Ellen T. Fowler	(D. Appleton & Co., $1.00).
A Double Thread,	Ellen T. Fowler	(D. Appleton & Co., $1.50).
From Sea to Sea (2 vols.),	Rudyard Kipling	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $2.00).
The Cruise of the Cachalot,	Frank T. Bullen	(D. Appleton & Co., $1.50).
Black Douglas,	S. R. Crockett	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.50).
No. 5 John Street,	R. Whiteing	(The Century Co., $1.50).
Red Rock,	Thomas Nelson Page	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.50).
Aylwin,	Watts-Dunton	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.25).
The Day's Work,	Rudyard Kipling	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.50).
Prisoners of Hope,	Mary Johnston	(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., $1.50).
The Short Line War,	Merwin-Webster	(The Macmillan Co., $1.50).
Strong Hearts,	Geo. W. Cable	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.25).
Children of the Mist,	E. Phillpot	(G. P. Putnam's Sons, $1.50).
Cromwell's Own,	Arthur Patterson	(Harper & Bros., $1.50).
Idyls of the Sea,	Frank T. Bullen	(D. Appleton & Co., $1.50).
Snow on the Headlight,	Cy Warman	(D. Appleton & Co., $1.25).
That Fortune,	Charles Dudley Warner	(Harper & Bros., $1.50).
The Fowler,	Beatrice Harraden	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.50).
The Open Question,	Elizabeth Robbins (C. E. Raimond)	(Harper & Bros., $1.50).
Garden of Swords,	Max Pemberton	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.50).
A Triple Entanglement,	Mrs. Burton Harrison	(J. B. Lippincott Co., $1.25).
The Lion and the Unicorn,	Richard Harding Davis	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.25).
Miss Cayley's Adventures,	Grant Allen	(G. P. Putnam's Sons, $1.50).
Bob, Son of Battle,	Alfred Ollivant	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.25).

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

TITLE	AUTHOR	PUBLISHERS
A Daughter of the Vine,	Gertrude Atherton	(John Lane, $1.50).
Young Lives,	Richard Le Gallienne	(John Lane, $1.50).
A Dash for a Throne,	A. W. Marchmont	(New Amsterdam Book Co., $1.25).
The Strong Arm,	Robert Barr	(Frederick A. Stokes Co., 90 cents).
The War with Spain,	Henry Cabot Lodge	(Harper & Bros., $2.50).
Yale: Her Campus, Classrooms, and Athletics,	Walter Camp and L. S. Welch	(L. C. Page & Co., $2.50).
Memoirs of Sergeant Burgoyne,	Compiled by Paul Cottin	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.50).
Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. Oliphant,	Edited by Mrs. Harry Coghill	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $3.50).
Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett		(Harper & Bros., $5.00).
James Russell Lowell and His Friends,	Edited by Edward Everett Hale	(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., $3.00).
Dreyfus—Letters Written to His Wife		(Harper & Bros., $1.00).
Wild Animals I Have Known,	E. Seton Thompson	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $2.00).
Guide to the Wild Flowers,	Alice Lounsberry	(Frederick A. Stokes Co., $2.50).
Rough Riders,	Theodore Roosevelt	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $2.00).
Enchanted India,	Prince Karageorgevitch	(Harper & Bros., $1.75).
Reminiscences of the Santiago Campaign,	Capt. John Bigelow, U.S.A.	(Harper & Bros., $1.25).
Japan in Transition,	Stafford Ransome	(Harper & Bros., $3.00).
The Man with the Hoe and Other Poems,	Edwin Markham	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.00).

READ THE BOOK FIRST.

The following books have been dramatized, and are already staged or in process of preparation for the theatrical season:

Children of the Ghetto.
Vanity Fair ("Becky Sharp").
The Gadfly.
Tale of Two Cities ("The Only Way").
The Three Guardsmen ("The King's Musketeers").
Rupert of Hentzau.
Pride of Jennico.
When Knighthood Was in Flower.
Ben Hur.
Hugh Wynne.
David Harum.
The Choir Invisible.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN